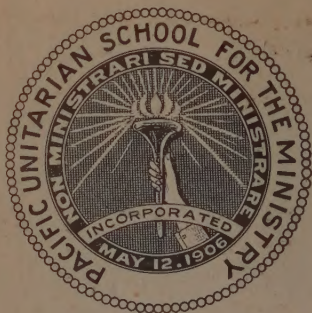


HYMNS
AND
ANTHEMS



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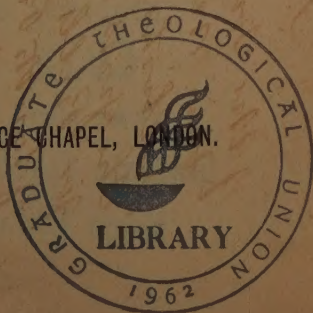
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HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

[W. J. Fox comp.]

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, LONDON.



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HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

Selected and arranged by W. J. Fox, 1841.

BOOK FIRST.

1.

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Oh not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let us bound ;
Nor think thee Lord alone of man,
While thousand worlds are round.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

Pope.

2.

GLORY to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men.

Luke ii.

3.

CREATOR-SPIRIT ! thou the first,
To be through time unending ;
Whose word was, " Light," and light outburst,
In myriad streams descending :
Oh fill our souls with light divine
Till radiant in thy beams they shine,
With thine own essence blending !

Sarah F. Adams.

4.

LORD, thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is this day thine own
When men draw near their God :

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasur'd sky ;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity !

Bulfinch.

5.

GOD of the ocean, earth, and sky,
 In thy bright presence we rejoice ;
 We feel thee, see thee, ever nigh,
 And gladly hear thy gracious voice.

We feel thee in the sunny beam ;
 We see thee walk the mountain waves !
 We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
 And when the tempest wildly raves.

God, on the lonely hills we meet ;
 God, in the vale and fragrant grove ;
 While birds and whispering winds repeat
 That God is there—the God of love.

Wreford.

6.

O GOD ! who madest earth, sea, and air,
 And living creatures free and fair,
 Thy hallowed praise is everywhere.
 Hallelujah !

Yea, woods and winds and waves convey
 To the rapt ear a hymn, and say,
 “ God, who hath made us, we obey !”

Hallelujah !

Joanna Baillie.

7.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens, so full of state ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Milton.

8.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest !
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

Hogg.

9.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine !"

Addison.

10.

WONDROUS truths, and manifold as wondrous,
'God hath written in the stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing :
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land !

Longfellow.

11.

THERE'S life abroad ! From each green tree
A busy murmur swells ;
The bee is up at early dawn
Stirring the cowslip-bells.
There's motion in the lightest leaf
That trembles on the stream ;
The insect scarce an instant rests
Light dancing in the beam.

There's life abroad ! The silvery threads
That float about in air,
Where'er their wanton flight they take,
Proclaim that life is there.
And bubbles on the quiet lake,
And yonder music sweet,
And stirrings in the rustling leaves,
The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life ! And louder still
The spirit speaks within,
O'erpowering, with its strong deep voice,
The world's incessant din :

There's life without ; and, better far,
Within there's life and power,
And liberty of heart and mind
To love, believe, adore.

Emily Taylor.

12.

GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air and earth and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

But man was form'd to rise to heaven,
And, bless'd with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works
And glows with rapture at the sight.

Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise
Or raise such sacred harmony.

Greatest of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air and earth and sea !
All nature feels thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

Dyer.

NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with heaven ; or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale the present Deity ;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

 Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty !—here amidst the crowd
 Through the great city rolled
 With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

 Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
 And lights their inner homes ;
 For them thou fillest the air, the unbounded skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

 Thy spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along !
 And this eternal sound,
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
 Like the surrounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hour of rest
Comes like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine :
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Bryant.

14.

NOW pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy
And the gloriously free !
Who blesseth her is blessed !
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages, and halls !

15.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
For he is gracious,
And his mercy endureth for ever !

Psalm cxxxvi.

16.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.

Watts.

17.

GIVE thanks to God, the heavenly King,
 Whose mercies still endure ;
 Let the whole earth his praises sing
 Whose truth is ever sure.

Psalms.

18.

THOU who, upon th' eternal throne,
 Dost weigh the fates of all below,
 And ever wear'st the radiant crown
 Of worlds unnumber'd round thy brow :
 Thy wisdom form'd the plan sublime
 Of what man's future course shall be ;
 The path didst show which I must climb
 To reach my final destiny.
 Till then let power divine protect,
 And heavenly peace my spirit cheer,
 My footsteps here below direct,
 Till I before thy face appear.
 The present seed I now shall sow
 To ripen for eternity,
 Oh let it to perfection grow,
 Then take thy pilgrim home to thee.
Jung Stilling.

19.

To God on high be thanks and praise,
 Who deigns our bonds to sever ;
 His cares our drooping souls upraise,
 And harm shall reach us never.
 On him we rest with faith assured,
 Of all that live the mighty Lord,
 For ever and for ever !

20.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night ;
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be !
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

Oh guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

Hawkesworth.

21.

O'ER silent field and lonely lawn
 Her dusky mantle night hath drawn ;
 At twilight's holy heartfelt hour
 In man his better soul hath power.

The passions are at peace within,
 And still each stormy thought of sin—
 The yielding bosom, overawed,
 Breathes love to man and love to God.

Goethe.

22.

GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
 Raising still the languid flowers ;
 Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
 O'er a mourner's stricken hours.

Blessed tears and dews that yet
 Lift us nearer unto heaven !
 Let us still his praise repeat,
 Who in mercy all hath given.

Sarah F. Adams.

23.

HOLY, holy, holy
Lord God of Hosts!
God Almighty!

Who wast, and who art, and art to come!

Rev. iv.

24.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name:
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:

For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

Hallelujah! Amen.

Robinson.

25.

PRAISE to thee, all holy God,
 From the world, the race, thou rulest ;
 From the green earth's dewy sod ;
 From the wayward hearts thou schoolest—
 Sometimes with a teaching stern,
 Till thy saving truth they learn.

Teach us, glorious being, still
 In our hearts to feel thy glory !
 Nature ever works thy will—
 May we read her gentle story,
 And, like her, obey the One,
 Universal and alone !

Johns.

26.

THE Lord is on his holy throne,
 He sits in kingly state ;
 Let those who for his favour seek
 In humble silence wait.

True prayer is not the imposing sound
 That clamorous lips repeat ;
 But the deep silence of a soul
 That clasps Jehovah's feet.

Mrs. Sigourney.

27.

CREATOR-SPIRIT, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night !
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light
By whom our souls emerge from night,
Our frailty help, our vice control,
Thou ruler of our secret soul !
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Dryden.

28.

THEN round about the starry throne
Of him who ever rules alone,
The heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crowned for ever sit,
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time !

Milton.

29.

MOONS, planets, suns, that swim the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high :
Their lasting lustre he has given
To all the moving host of heaven.

Yet even stars shall cease to burn
And to primeval night return ;
Systems of worlds themselves decay—
To him the insects of a day :

But he remains ; and he shall give
The extinguished elements to live ;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And still extend the peopled whole.

W. Taylor.

30.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are always near his throne.

Drennan.

SHALL man confine his Maker's sway
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?
 Thy temple is the face of day,
 Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
 Through trackless realms of æther's space ;
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose hand from pole to pole I trace ;—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
 Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
 Ah, while I tread this earthly sphere,
 Extend to me thy wide defence !

To thee, my God, to thee I call !
 Whatever weal or woe betide ;
 By thy command I rise or fall,
 In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
 My soul shall float on airy wing,
 How shall thy glorious name adored
 Inspire her feeble voice to sing !

To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past ;
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

Byron.

32.

SOURCE of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies
Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

Pope Gregory I.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

34.

THOU, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor.

35.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above ;
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That, copying thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls into thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

Jeremy Taylor.

36.

LOWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath
 Owing that life and death
 Alike are thine !

O Father ! in that hour
 When earth all succouring power
 Shall disavow ;
 When spear and shield and crown
 In faintness are cast down ;
 Sustain us, Thou !

By him who bowed to take
 The death cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod ;
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away ;
 Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave
 We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !

Mrs. Hemans.

37.

As when the deluge-waves were gone,
 Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst ;
 And nature's earliest rainbow shone
 On scenes more lovely than the first ;

Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove
 The promise-branch of olive bore,—
 Pledge of returning peace and love,
 That beamed more brightly than before ;—

So, when affliction's waters glide
 From the enfranchised soul away,
 More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,
 The soul emerges into day.

And then, as with the olive-bough
 The heavenly dove of old drew near,
 Some gentle words of truth will flow
 In holy music on the ear.

O'er all the transient things of time
 The oblivious foot of years hath trod ;
 But all that's sacred and sublime
 Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

Bowring.

38.

OUT of the depths
 Have I called unto thee, O Lord ;
 Lord, hear my voice,
 Let thine ear be attentive
 To the voice of my supplication !
 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity,
 O Lord, who shall stand ?
 But with thee is forgiveness,
 That thou mayest be feared.
 I wait for the Lord,
 My soul doth wait ;
 And in his word do I hope.
 I wait for the Lord
 More than they who watch for the morning.

Psalm cxxx.

39.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh ! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott.

40.

SING to the Lord, for his mercies are sure ;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure !
The wide-stretching earth with its beauties all
teeming,
Its mountains, its valleys, or lofty or fair ;
The sun in his rising, the stars nightly gleaming,
The sea in its depths—still his wonders declare.
Sing to the Lord, for his mercies are sure ;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure !
Sing to the Lord, for his mercies are sure ;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure !
Though by oppression his people sore troubled
May suffer in bondage or languish for light,
His mighty right arm with a power redoubled
Can tyranny quell and redeem for the right.
Sing to the Lord, for his mercies are sure ;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure !

Sarah F. Adams.

JEHOVAH-GOD ! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see ;
 Oh may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee !

If on the wings of morn we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
 Thine arm our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean-deeps,
 And reaches to the skies ;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see :
 And all the blessings we receive
 Ceaseless proceed from thee.

In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend ;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our Friend !

Dr. John Thomson.

FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face
 Flows thy goodness unconfined
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
 At thine altars when we bow?—
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye exprest ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly king,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring.
 Love to thee and all mankind.

John Taylor.

43.

WHY should dreams so dark and dreary
 Fill my thought ?
 Is there nought,
 Nought to sooth the weary ?

Is the sun in heaven no longer,
 When the rain
 Sweeps the plain ?
 Soon he blazes stronger.

Is the floweret's sleep eternal,
 When its cup,
 Folded up,
 Waits the breezes vernal ?

Why should man, then, child of sorrow,
 Mourn his doom ?
 Present gloom
 Will be light to-morrow.

Even here, all pain is fleeting ;
 Even here,
 Joy and care
 Join in constant greeting.

But where all our hopes are tending,
Peace and love
Reign above,
Bliss and joy unending.

Bowring. (alt.)

44.

O HUMAN heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

O human heart ! what deed of thine
Could gain a kingdom so divine ?
'Twas asked but this, in accents mild—
The gentle spirit of a child.

O human heart ! that singest still
Through chastening good, misreckoned ill ;
Thou mind'st Bethesda's fount to feel,—
The angel troubles but to heal.

O human heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

Sarah F. Adams.

45.

SAY not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed ;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not on high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth.
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win.
At home ! at home !
That word is placed, thy very heart within.

Oh seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will ;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

Barton.

WHAT conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heaven pursue.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 The mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Pope.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him whose power
 Upholds the life he gave ;
 The sage within his star-lit tower,
 The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts their hands have made ;
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plantain-shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.

Oh let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love ;
 In power and wealth exult no more
 In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride !
Ye low, your shame and fear !
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your brotherhood revere !

Harriet Martineau.

48.

Joy there is that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh or weep ;
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

Stern and awful are its tones
When the patriot-martyr groans,
And the death-pulse beating high
Rapture blends with agony.

Tenderer is the form it wears,
Touched with love, dissolved in tears,
When the meek their Saviour greet,
Bending at the mercy-seat.

Joy even here ! a budding flower
Struggling with the storm and shower
Till its season to expand,
Nurtured in its native land.

Mrs. Barbauld.

49.

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine ;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

Oh who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light !
Oh who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe !

Oh who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before ;
So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
So glorious in humility !

The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

Coxe.

50.

WHEN the ear heard him then it blessed him :
And when the eye saw him it gave witness
unto him.

Job xxix.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying master stands !
 His weeping followers, gathering round,
 Receive his last commands :

“ Blest is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another’s pain,
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain :

Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger’s woes to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o’er the wound
 He wants the power to heal :

He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To every child of grief,
 His secret bounty largely flows
 And brings unasked relief :

To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow ;
 He views through mercy’s melting eye
 A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
 My peace to him I give ;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.”

Mrs. Barbould.

52.

THE mourners came at break of day
 Unto the garden-sepulchre ;
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray
 For him, the loved one buried there.
 What radiant light dispels the gloom ?—
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
 All sepulchred beneath the snow,
 When wintry winds and chilling frost
 Have laid her summer glories low :
 The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead,
 E'en while we come to weep and pray :
 The happy spirit far hath fled
 To brighter realms of endless day :
 Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Sarah F. Adams.

53.

HAPPY and blest are they who have endured ;
 For though the body dies the soul shall live for
 ever.

James i.

54.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Bowring.

55.

GLORY to God, in full anthems of joy,
 The being he gave us, death cannot destroy !
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift then your voices in triumph on high.
 For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die.

Ware.

56.

BLEST are the departed
 Who in the Lord are sleeping,
 From henceforth for evermore.
 They rest from their labours
 And their works do follow them.

Rev. xiv.

57.

WE think and feel ; but will the dead
 Awake to thought again ?
 A voice of comfort answers us
 That God doth nought in vain.
 He wastes nor flower nor bud nor leaf,
 Nor wind nor cloud nor wave ;
 Nor will he waste the hope which grief
 Hath planted in the grave.

Ebenezer Elliott.

BEHOLD the western evening light,
 It melts in deeper gloom ;
 So calm the righteous sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.
 The winds breathe low, the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
 So gently flows the parting breath
 When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed !
 'Tis like the peace the dying gives
 To mourners round his bed.
 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast !
 So sweet the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo ! above the dews of night
 The vesper-star appears !
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
 Whose eyes are dim with tears.
 Night falls, but soon the morning light
 Its glories shall restore ;
 And thus the eyes that sleep in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

Peabody.

59.

BENEATH this starry arch
 Nought resteth or is still,
 But all things hold their march
 As if by one great will :
 Moves one, move all :
 Hark to the footfall !
 On, on, for ever !

Yon sheaves were once but seed ;
 Will ripens into deed ;
 As cave-drops swell the streams,
 Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams ;
 And sorrow tracketh wrong
 As echo follows song,
 On, on, for ever !

By night like stars on high
 The hours reveal their train ;
 They whisper and go by ;
 I never watch in vain :
 Moves one, move all :
 Hark to the footfall !
 On, on, for ever !

They pass the cradle-head
 And there a promise shed ;
 They pass the moist new grave
 And bid rank verdure wave ;

They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever !

Harriet Martineau.

60.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
“ Life is but an empty dream,”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem !

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow.

61.

A LITTLE child, in bulrush ark,
 Came floating on the Nile's broad water ;
 That child made Egypt's glory dark,
 And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child inquiring stood
 In Israel's temple of its sages ;
 That child, by lessons wise and good,
 Made pure the temples of past ages.

Mid worst oppressions, if remain
 Young hearts to freedom still aspiring,—
 Though nursed in superstition's chain,
 If human minds be still inquiring,—

Then let not priest or tyrant dote
 On dreams of long the world commanding ;
 The ark of Moses is afloat,
 And Christ is in the temple standing !

W. J. Fox.

62.

THE sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
 And calmly drained the fatal draught :
 Such pledge did Grecian justice give
 To one who taught them how to live.

The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured :
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.

Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and just ;
From Calvary's mount the Christ could see
The dawn of immortality.

Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
Power may oppress and priestcraft ban ;
Justice and faith are God in man.

W. J. Fox.

63.

O LOVE ! thou makest all things even
In earth or heaven ;
Finding thy way through prison-bars
Up to the stars ;
Or, true to the Almighty plan
That out of dust created man,
Thou lookest in a grave,—to see
Thine immortality !

Sarah F. Adams.

64.

How happy is he born and taught
 Who serveth not another's will—
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his only skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied to this vain world by care
 Of public fame or private breath !

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Wotton.

65.

As earth's pageant passes by,
 Let reflection turn thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy breast ;
 There alone dwells solid rest.

That's a close immured tower
 Which can mock all hostile power :
 To thyself a tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall ;
In a cleanly, sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.

The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it ; and may not man ?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

Beaumont.

66.

HOPE, though slow she be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.

Hope is comfort in distress,
Hope is in misfortune bliss,
Hope, in sorrow, is delight,
Hope is day in darkest night.

Hope casts anchor upward, where
Storms durst never domineer ;
Trust ; and Hope will welcome thee
From storms to full security.

Beaumont.

67.

SEE the leaves around us falling
 Dry and withered to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 With a sweet and solemn sound :

“ Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 We come to give the yearly warning,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

On the tree of life eternal,
 Oh let all our hopes be laid ;
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Horne.

68.

HE who walks in virtue's way,
 Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
 Diligent while yet 'tis day,
 On he speeds, and speeds securely :
 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
 Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him,
 Memory's joys behind him go,
 Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending :
Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep,—
Sleep that is o'erwatched by heaven.

Bowring.

69.

THE glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate—
Death lays its icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

WHAT'S hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
 Its maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by superstition's rod
 To bow the knee ?

Peace ! Love ! the cherubim that join
 Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine—
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not :
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth.
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

Campbell.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS,

Selected and arranged by W. J. Fox, 1841.

BOOK SECOND.

71.

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.

72.

O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime
And prophets praised with glowing tongue :

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon thy son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

O thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

Pierpont.

73.

O PRAISE the Lord, all ye his hosts ;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.
Yea, blessed be the name of the Lord
From this time forth and for evermore.

Psalm cxiii.

74.

GOD is a spirit ; and they that worship him
Must worship him in spirit and in truth :
For the Father seeketh such to worship him.

John iv.

75.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,

We are met to worship thee ;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee ;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion ;
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see :

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

W. J. Fox.

76.

How precious is thy goodness, O God !
 The children of men seek refuge
 Under the shadow of thy wings ;
 For thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou makest the outgoings of the evening
 And the morning to rejoice ;
 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ;
 Thy footsteps drop fruitfulness.

Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

With thee is the fountain of life ;
 In thy light we shall see light.

Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou healest the broken in heart
 And bindest up their wounds.

Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou wilt not give me up to the grave ;
 Thou wilt show me the path of life.

For thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

I will hope continually ;
 I will yet praise thee more and more.

For thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

From the Psalms.

77.

ANCIENT of ages ! humbly bent before thee,
Song of glad homage, Lord, to thee we bring :
Touched by thy spirit, oh teach us to adore thee,
Sole God and Father ! everlasting King !

Let thy light attend us ;

Let thy grace befriend us ;

Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King !

Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe thy name be known ;
Millions of voices shall join in adorations—
Join to adore thee, Undivided One !

Every soul invited,

Every voice united—

United to praise thee, Undivided One !

Bowring.

78.

To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live :

Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

Gaskill.

79.

THE nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then ;
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down on mortal men.

For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done ;
 Thou in thine everlasting seat
 Remainest God alone.

Milton.

80.

OH ! I would sing a song of praise,
 Natural as the breeze
 That stirs amongst the forest-trees,
 Whispering ever,
 Weary never,
 Summer's prime or wintry days—
 So should come my song of praise.

Oh ! I would sing a song of praise,
Sweet as breathing flowers
That ope to greet the earlier hours ;
Never-ending
Incense sending
Up, to bless their parent rays—
So should wake my song of praise.

Oh ! I would sing a song of praise,
Holy as the night,
When heaven comes to us in the light
Of stars, whose gleaming,
Influence streaming,
Draws us upward while we gaze—
So should rise my song of praise.

To thee, O God, a song of praise,
With breeze and bloom and star,
To thee, who made us what we are—
Blessed Spirit !
We inherit
All from thee ; then let us raise
Songs of praise—immortal praise !

Sarah F. Adams.

81.

I WILL sing to the Lord
As long as I live.
I will sing praise to my God
While I have my being.
Oh that my meditation
May be grateful unto him !

Psalm civ.

82.

PART in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light ;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises
God our maker loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Sarah F. Adams.

83.

As flame ascends ;

As vapours to the earth in showers return ;
As the poised ocean towards the attracting moon
Swells ; and the ever-listening planets, charmed
By the sun's call, their onward pace incline :
So all things which have life aspire to God,
Centre of souls ! Nor doth the mastering voice
Of Nature cease within to prompt aright
Their steps ; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From sending to the toil external aid ;
That, in their stations, all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

Akenside.

84.

OH that I had wings like a dove !
 Then would I flee away and be at rest.
 As for me, I will call upon God
 And he will save me.
 Evening and morning and at noon
 Will I pray and cry aloud ;
 And he will hear my voice.

Psalm lv.

85.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me :
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee !

Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee !

Sarah F. Adams.

AROUSE thee, soul !
 Be what thou surely art,
 An emanation from the Deity,
 A flutter of that heart
 Which fills all nature, sea, and earth, and sky :
 Arouse thee, soul !

Arouse thee, soul !
 And let the body do
 Some worthy deed for human happiness,
 To join, when life is through,
 Unto thy name, that angels both may bless :
 Arouse thee, soul !

Arouse thee, soul !
 Leave nothings of the earth ;
 And if the body be not strong to dare,
 To blessed thoughts give birth,
 High as yon heaven, pure as heaven's air :
 Arouse thee, soul !

LIVING or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

Oh what is life ?

A toil, a strife,

Were it not lighted by thy love divine.

I ask not wealth,

I crave not health—

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

Oh what is death ?

When the poor breath

In parting can the soul to thee resign !

While patient love

Her trust doth prove—

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

Throughout my days,

Be constant praise

Uplift to thee from out this heart of mine :

So shall I be

Brought nearer thee—

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

After Fénelon.

88.

FATHER of all! to thee we pray,
 By night, in secret, insecure ;
 But the darkness is like day,
 If the heart within be pure.
 What they do, thou dost permit—
 We endure, and pardon it.
 As glows through smoke the bursting light,
 Bid faith thus strengthen, day by day ;
 And then, though dimmed each ancient rite,
 Oh who thy light can take away ?

Goethe.

89.

O GOD, the Lord of place and time,
 Who orderest all things prudently ;
 Brightening with beams the opening prime,
 And glowing in the mid-day sky :

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
 The wasting fever of the heart ;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 And to our souls thy peace impart.

Breviary.

DARK the faith of days of yore,
 And at evening evermore
 Did the chanters, sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chant to thee,
 Miserere Domine !

Bright the faith of coming days,
 And when dawn the kindling rays
 Of heaven's golden lamp ascending,
 Happy hearts and voices blending,
 Joyful anthems chant to thee,
 Te laudamus Domine !

Night's sad cadence dies away
 On the yellow moonlight sea ;
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine !

Morn's glad chorus swells alway
 On the azure sunlight sea ;
 The boatmen ply their oars and say,
 Te laudamus Domine !

Coleridge (with additions).

As once, upon Athenian ground,
 Shrines, statues, temples, all around,
 The man of Tarsus trod,—
 'Midst idol-altars one he saw
 That filled his breast with sacred awe :
 'Twas—"To the unknown God."

Age after age has rolled away,
 Altars and thrones have felt decay,
 Sages and saints have risen ;
 And like a giant roused from sleep
 Man has explored the pathless deep,
 And lightnings snatched from heaven.

Yet still where'er presumptuous man
 His Maker's essence strives to scan,
 And lifts his feeble hands,
 Though saint and sage their powers unite
 To fathom that abyss of light,
 Ah ! still that altar stands.

Mrs. Barbauld.

“ MAKE us a god,” said man :

Power first the voice obeyed ;

And soon a monstrous form

Its worshippers dismayed ;

Uncouth and huge, by nations rude adored,

With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

“ Make us a god,” said man :

Art next the voice obeyed ;

Lovely, serene, and grand,

Uprose the Athenian maid ;

The perfect statue Greece, with wreathed brows,

Adores in festal rites and lyric vows.

“ Make us a god,” said man :

Religion followed Art,

And answered, “ Look within ;

God is in thine own heart —

His noblest image there, and holiest shrine :

Silent revere, and be thyself divine.”

W. J. Fox.

93.

WHETHER men reap or sow the fields
 Her admonitions Nature yields ;
 That not by bread alone we live
 Or what a hand of flesh can give ;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart :
 So shall the seventh be truly blest
 From morn till eve with hallowed rest.

Wordsworth's

94.

WHILE I do rest, my soul, advance !
 Let me sleep a holy trance,
 That I may take my rest being wrought
 Awake into some holy thought ;
 And with as cheerful vigour run
 My course, as doth the nimble sun.

Sleep is a death : oh let me try
 By sleeping what it is to die !
 And down as gently lay my head
 On my grave, as on my bed—
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with thee !

Sir Thomas Brown .

95.

O GOD, unchangeable and true,
Of all the life and power,
Dispensing light and silence through
Every successive hour :

Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

Breviary.

96.

OH make our hearts, blest God, thy dwelling-place ;
And in our breast
Be pleased to rest,
For thou such temples lovest best ;
And cause that sin
May not profane the Deity within
And sully o'er the ornaments of grace.

Jeremy Taylor.

97.

LORD, let the flames of holy Charity,
And all her gifts and graces slide
Into our hearts and there abide ;
That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it unto the element of love—
Even unto thee, dear Spirit,
And there eternal peace and rest inherit.

Amen.

Jeremy Taylor.

O GOD, thou art our home, to whom we fly ;
 And so hast always been from age to age,
 Before the hills did intercept the eye,
 Or that the frame was up of earthly stage.
 One God thou wert, and art, and still shalt be :
 The line of time, it doth not measure thee !

Both death and life obey thy holy lore,
 And visit in their turns as they are sent ;
 A thousand years, with thee they are no more
 Than yesterday, which ere it is, is spent :
 Or, like a watch by night, that course doth keep,
 And goes and comes, unawares to them that sleep.

Thou carriest man away as with a tide ;
 Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted
 high ;
 Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
 But flies before the sight of waking eye :
 Or as the grass that cannot term obtain
 To see the summer come about again.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;
For that which guides man best in all his ways,
Is meditation of mortality.
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

Lord Bacon.

99.

DEFEND the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

Rise, God ! Judge thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

Milton.

WE trust the living Word.
 He spake of providence above,
 Of boundless power and ceaseless love,
 Caring for man and beast and bird—
 We trust the living Word.

We trust mute nature's sign.
 Returning days, returning springs,
 All lovely and returning things,
 Point to a providence divine—
 We trust mute nature's sign.

We trust the heart of man.
 In the deep workings of the mind,
 The law and love of God we find,
 And providential order scan—
 We trust the heart of man.

We trust in God the Lord.
 In man's warm heart his spirit glows :
 His spirit nature's meaning shows :
 His spirit spake by Christ the Word :
 We trust the living Lord !

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
 Alike they're needful for the flower ;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
 Creator ! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh ne'er will I at life repine ;
 Enough that thou hast made it mine :
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,—
 As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams.

102.

THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
 Though on the waste no altar stand,
 Take comfort ! thou art not alone
 While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

Would'st thou a temple ? Look above,
 The heavens stretch over all in love :
 A book ? For thine evangile scan
 The wondrous history of man.

The holy band of saints renowned
 Embrace thee, brother-like, around ;
 Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
 In hymns immortal to the skies.

And though no organ-peal be heard,
 In harmony the winds are stirred ;
 And there the morning stars upraise
 Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

After Carlyle.

103.

GOD doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts : who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

104.

I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
 That on the earth doth crawl ;
 The slave who dares not burst his chain,
 The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor who hath made
 The widowed mother mourn,
 Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
 I cannot, dare not scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky
 Of beauty hath a share ;
 The blackest heart hath signs to tell
 That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—
 I pity, and I mourn ;
 But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
 And oh, I dare not scorn.

Nicoll.

105.

THE little fountain flows
 So noiseless through the wood ;
 The wanderer tastes repose,
 And from the silent flood
 Learns meekly to do good.

Goetz.

106.

THE earth is thine, and it thou keepest,
 That man may labour not in vain ;
 Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
 Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
 The early and the latter rain.

The earth is thine—the summer earth,
 Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright ;
 With golden clouds in evening hours,
 With singing-birds and balmy flowers,
 Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
 And leafless stands the stately tree
 When from the north the fierce winds blow,
 When falleth fast the mantling snow—
 The earth pertaineth still to thee.

The earth is thine—thy creature, man !
 Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine ;
 Darkness and light, and life and death,
 Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
 Creator ! Father ! all are thine !

Mary Howitt.

107.

THE Lord is my Shepherd,
 I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,

He leadeth me beside the still waters ;
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
For his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ;
For thou art with me—
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me,
In the presence of mine enemies ;
Thou anointest my head with oil ;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy have followed me
all my days,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for
ever.

Psalms xxiii.

108.

IN peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep ;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie ;
As in a rocky cell,
Thou, Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

Milton.

109.

As meadows parched, brown groves, and wither-
 ing flowers,
 Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial showers ;
 As chill dark air inhales the morning beam ;
 As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream ;
 Thus to man's grateful soul from heaven descend
 The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend.

Sir W. Jones.

110.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
 Feeds him still with corn and wine ;
 He who best would aid a brother,
 Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath ;
 Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
 Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
 Is the royal task of man ;
 Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
 Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
 These like man are fruits of earth :

Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason ;
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness,
Man himself is all a seed ;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

Sterling.

111.

How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt !
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven ;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

Lord Morpeth.

112.

IN the plan divine
 All for good combine,
 Contrarious seasons one kind will obey :

It was a summer bright
 When creation's light
 First dawned on chaos and made Eden gay ;

It was the winter wild
 When the heaven-born child,
 All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lay.

W. J. Fox.

The last stanza by Milton.

113.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come and make my paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Sinner, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Barbauld.

114.

MARK the soft-falling snow
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore
And call forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

So, saith the God of grace,
Shall truth from heaven descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

Doddridge.

115.

O HALLOWED memories of the past,
 Ye legends old and fair,
 Still be your light upon us cast,
 Your music on the air.
 In vain shall man deny,
 Or bid your mission cease,
 While stars yet prophesy
 Of love and hope and peace.

For hearts the beautiful that feel,
 Whose pulse of love beats strong,
 The opening heavens new light reveal,
 Glory to God their song.
 While bursts confession forth,
 That, since the world began,
 No miracle on earth
 E'er matched the heart of man.

And while from out our dying dust
 Light more than life doth stream,
 We bless the faith that bids us trust
 The heaven that we dream.

In death there is no fear,
There's radiance through the gloom,
While love and hope are here,
The angels of the tomb.

Then hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.
In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease ;
The stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

Sarah F. Adams.

116.

LIGHT, light in darkness ; the daylight dawns,
raising the soul to the hope of glory. Truth
comes to mortals, brighter than sunshine. Man
is advancing, led by the Most High, to endless
ages of joy, and blessing infinite.

ONCE in the busy streets
 Did Wisdom cry aloud ;
 And then she perished, 'mid the scoffs
 Of the misguided crowd.

Once in the quiet grove
 Did Wisdom's accents charm ;
 And then she perished by the blows
 Of Conquest's iron arm.

In Palestine and Greece,
 Thus Wisdom's voice was hushed ;
 Yet Echo oft the sound renewed,
 Though Wisdom's sons were crushed.

But ever in the skies,
 In earth and sea and air,
 Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
 And none can crush her there.

Systems and teachers change,
 They flourish and decay ;
 But ne'er from Nature's truth and love
 Shall Wisdom pass away.

W. J. Fox.

118.

WHEN mild winds shake the elder-brake,
Then the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow :
Wisdom, justice, love, and peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd-boys—a prophecy.

Shelley.

119.

LIFE may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope can vanish, but can die not ;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.

Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay confined with despair,
Truth and love a sacred lie,—
Were it not for Liberty ;

Lending life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

Shelley.

120.

AN offering to the shrine of power
 Our hands shall never bring ;
 A garland on the car of pomp
 Our hands shall never fling ;
 Applauding in the conqueror's path
 Our voices ne'er shall be ;
 But we have hearts to honour those
 Who bade the world go free !

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
 Who made us what we are !
 Who lit the flame which yet shall glow,
 With radiance brighter far :
 Glory to them in coming time,
 And through eternity,
 Who burst the captive's galling chain,
 And bade the world go free !

Nicoll.

121.

PRAISE to the heroes
 Who struck for the right,
 When freedom and truth
 Were defended in fight :
 Of blood-shedding hirelings
 The deeds are abhorred,
 But the patriot smites
 With the sword of the Lord.

Praise to the martyrs
Who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down
At the bidding of might :
Their ashes were cast
All abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings
They won for mankind.

Praise to the sages,
The teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness
Said, " Let there be light."
The sophist may gain
The renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory,
While knowledge is power.

Heroes, martyrs, and sages,
True prophets of right !
They foresaw, and they made
Man's futurity bright.
Their fame would ascend
Though the world sunk in flames :
Be their spirit on all
Who sing praise to their names !

W. J. Fox.

122.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
 And green, along the ocean side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died ;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth ! where thy nameless martyrs rest !
 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days ;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
 And silently in fearless faith
 Bowing their noble souls to death :—
 Where sleep they ? Woods and sounding waves
 Are silent of those hidden graves.
 Yet what if no light footstep there
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair ?
 They sleep in secret ; but their sod,
 Unknown to man, is marked of God !

Mrs. Hemans.

123.

BRITAIN'S first poet,
 Famous old Chaucer,
 Swan-like, in dying
 Sung his last song,
 When at his heart-strings
 Death's hand was strong.

“ From false crowds flying,
Dwell with soothfastness ;
Prize more than treasure
Hearts true and brave ;
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

“ Trust not to fortune ;
Be not o’er meddling ;
Thankful receive thou
Good which God gave ;
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

“ Earth is a desert,
Thou art a pilgrim :
Led by thy spirit,
Grace from God crave
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.”

Dead through long ages
Britain’s first poet—
Still the monition
Sounds from his grave,
“ Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.”

After Chaucer.

O PLEASANT life !

Whene'er the soul can win her way

From out of the world's dark strife,

And fly to depths fair-haunted

By spirits who have panted

To quit earth's shadows for immortal day—

O pleasant life !

O happy breast !

Nor care of courts nor pride of birth

Can ruffle thy smooth rest ;

No scene of gilded riot

Disturbs thy star-lit quiet,

Nor dimsthy dream of heaven with mists of earth —

O happy breast !

O blessed soul !

What care hast thou that flatt'ring Fame

Thy daily acts enrol ?

No breath of hers it tasketh,

Thy life-long deed but asketh

One smile of Truth to light thy passing name—

O blessed soul !

Luis de Leon.

125.

IT surely is a wasted heart
 It is a wasted mind,
 That seeks not in the inner world
 Its happiness to find :

For happiness is like the bird
 That broods above its nest
 And finds beneath its folded wings
 Life's dearest and its best.

Letitia E. Landon.

126.

BEHOLD how good and how pleasant it is
 For brethren to dwell together in unity :
 It is like precious perfume upon the head,
 That fell down unto the beard—
 The beard of Aaron—
 To the very border of his garment ;
 It is like the dew of Hermon,
 And the dew that descended on the mountains
 of Zion ;
 For there the Lord commanded his blessing,
 Even life for evermore.

Psalm cxxxiii.

127.

THE world may change from old to new,
 From new to old again ;
 Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
 Within man's heart remain.
 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
 The struggles of the strong,
 Are steps towards some happy goal,
 The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
 The man to sow the seed ;
 Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
 But prompts again to deed.
 And ere upon the old man's dust
 The grass is seen to wave,
 We look through falling tears,—to trust
 Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no ! it is no flattering lure,
 No fancy weak or fond,
 When hope would bid us rest secure
 In better life beyond.
 Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
 Her promise may gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within,
 And God did ne'er betray.

Schiller.

NOT for false and fleeting joys,
 Pleasure that while tasted cloy,
 Nor for self-inflicted pain
 Borne to purchase heavenly gain,
 Did God make man.

But for wisdom, happiness,
 Blessed life, and life to bless,
 Love, the soul of deity,
 And progress through eternity,
 Did God make man.

For cultured earth and conquered wave,
 Fancy bright and science grave,
 Mind and heart, with blending powers,
 Building more than Eden's bowers,
 Did God make man.

And for mutual love and aid,
 Never weary nor dismayed,
 Strength renewing as we rise
 Upward to unchanging skies,
 Did God make man.

THE fair varieties of earth,
 The heavens serene and blue above,
 The rippling smile of mighty seas—
 What is the charm of all, but love ?

By love they minister to thought,
 Love makes them breathe the poet's song ;
 When their Creator best is praised,
 'Tis love inspires th' adoring throng.

Knowledge and power and will supreme
 Are but celestial tyranny,
 Till they are consecrate by love,
 The essence of divinity.

For love is strength and faith and hope ;
 It crowns with bliss our mortal state,
 And glancing far beyond the grave
 Foresees a life of endless date.

That life is love ; and all of life
 Time or eternity can prove ;
 Both men and angels, worms and gods,
 Exist in universal love.

130.

THEY sin who tell us love can die ;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity :
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the haunts of hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth :—
 But love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.

Southey.

131.

MORE sweet than odours caught by him who sails
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers
 wherein they rest.

Wordsworth.

SMILES on past misfortune's brow
 Soft reflection's hand can trace,
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace ;
 While hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a beam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue ;
 Behind the steps that misery treads,
 Approaching comfort view :
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
 Chastised by sabler tints of woe ;
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost
 And breathe and walk again :
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise.

Gray.

THE presence of perpetual change
 Is ever on the earth ;
 To-day is only as the soil
 That gives to-morrow birth.

Where stood the tower, there grows the weed ;
 Where stood the weed, the tower ;
 No present hour its likeness leaves
 To any future hour.

Of each imperial city, built
 Far on the eastern plains,
 A desert waste of tomb and sand
 Is all that now remains.

Our own fair city, filled with life,
 May have some future day
 When power and might and majesty,
 Will all have passed away.

But in all changes, brighter things
 And better have their birth ;
 The presence of perpetual love
 Is ever on the earth.

Letitia E. Landon.
(The last stanza added.)

134.

GO and watch the autumn leaves
 Which the winds are strewing ;
 Say you that the summer grieves
 O'er her joys' undoing ?
 Not so ;
 She doth know
 Their fall will make her stronger grow,
 Richer prime renewing.

Hopes that bloom to pass away,
 Pleasures scattered lying,—
 Shall we, mourning o'er decay,
 Waste the hours in sighing ?
 Not so ;
 Well we know
 They fade, that better joys may grow
 For a life undying.

Sarah F. Adams.

135.

THE tide of time flows sparkling,
 The tide of time flows darkling :
 And outward weal and woe have been
 Still blended in this checkered scene,

And evermore will blended be
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
Along the stream our spirits glide,
Feeling the changes of the tide,
Which ever felt by us must be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
And sympathy like change will keep,
And sometimes smile, and sometimes weep ;
And smiles and tears will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
But still the heavens are blue above,
And o'er our hearts the heaven of love
Makes peace and trust unchanging be,
And time become eternity.

W. J. Fox.

136.

DARKNESS shrouded Calvary,
 An earthquake rent the Temple's veil ;
 Human grief and human fear
 Uttered mournful wail ;
 There came a voice like light athwart the skies,
 " To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise."

Darkness shrouds humanity
 When death doth sunder heart from heart ;
 Human love and human hope
 Cannot bear to part :
 Again that voice is heard athwart the skies,
 " To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise."

Sarah F. Adams.

137.

JEWS were wrought to cruel madness ;
 Christians fled in fear and sadness ;
 Mary stood the cross beside :

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified :

But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified ;

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

W. J. Fox.

FAIR lilies of Jerusalem,
 Ye wear the same array
 As when imperial Judah's stem
 Maintained its regal sway :
 By sacred Jordan's desert tide
 As bright ye blossom on
 As when your simple charms outvied
 The pride of Solomon.

Ye flourished when the captive band,
 By prophets warned in vain,
 Were led to far Euphrates' strand
 From Jordan's pleasant plain ;
 In hostile lands to weep and dream
 Of things that still were free,
 And sigh to see your golden gleam,
 Sweet flowers of Galilee !

Ye have survived Judea's throne,
 Her temple's overthrow,
 And seen proud Salem sitting lone,
 A widow in her woe :
 But, lilies of Jerusalem,
 Through every change ye shine ;
 Your golden urns unfading gem
 The fields of Palestine !

SPRING, summer, autumn, winter,
 Come duly as of old ;
 Winds blow, suns set, and morning saith,
 " Ye hills, put on your gold."

The song of Homer liveth,
 Dead Solon is not dead,
 Thy splendid name, Pythagoras,
 O'er realms of suns is spread.

But Babylon and Memphis
 Are letters traced in dust :
 Read them, earth's tyrants ! ponder well
 The might in which ye trust !

They rose, while all the depths of guilt
 Their vain creators sounded ;
 They fell, because on fraud and force
 Their corner-stones were founded.

Truth, mercy, knowledge, justice,
 Are powers that ever stand ;
 They build their temples in the soul,
 And work with God's right hand.

Ebenezer Elliott.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die !

Sweet rose ! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die !

Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
For thou must die !

Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It cannot die.

George Herbert. (alt.)

THE wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear,
And fairest flowers succeed the snow
And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes
Are vanished far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
Shall bless the new-born day.

'Tis but a sleep—and power divine
Shall call the many dead ;
'Tis but a sleep—and then we sing
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes ! wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear ;
And Nature has her types to show
Throughout the varying year.

Crabbe.

142.

As Ocean rolls its billows to the shore,
The distant waves impelling those before ;
As leaves luxuriant, which the woods supply,
In summer flourish, and in autumn die ;
So generations pass : at Nature's call
They rise successive, and successive fall.

Ossian. Circa 300.

(tr. Macpherson. 1762.)

143.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer-cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
“ Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.”

Mrs. Barbauld.

ANOTHER year is swallowed by the sea
 Of sumless waves ;
 Another year, thou past Eternity !
 Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet—to bid the living weep,
 Where tears are vain ;
 While they, unswept into the ruthless deep,
 Storm-tied and sad, remain.

Why are we spared ? Surely to wear away,
 By useful deeds,
 Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray,
 Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not ;
 Thoughts whose green youth
 Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforget,
 And words whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
 Things of to-day ?
 Deeds which are harvest for eternity,
 Ye cannot pass away !

Ebenezer Elliott.

CALL them from the dead
 For our eyes to see !
 Prophet-bards, whose awful word
 Shook the earth, " Thus saith the Lord,"
 And made the idols flee—
 A glorious company !

Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see !
 Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
 Giving earth her richest dower,
 And making nations free—
 A glorious company !

Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see !
 Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
 " Sunshine in the shady place,"
 That made it life to be—
 A blessed company !

Call them from the dead—
 Vain the call will be ;
 But the hand of death shall lay,
 Like that of Christ, its healing clay
 On eyes which then shall see
 That glorious company !

W. J. Fox.

146.

I STOOP

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.
 It is but for a time : I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast ; its splendours soon or late
 Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge some day.

Robt. Browning.

147.

ART thou not from everlasting to everlasting,
 O God, mine Holy One ? We shall not die.

Habakkuk i.

148.

DEATH is the shadow of life ; and as the tree
 Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
 So in the light of great eternity
 Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
 But Love shall reign for ever over all.

Tennyson.

149.

THE cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspeare.

To our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires ;
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,
 As once we did !
 Oh may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing, in endless morn of light.

Milton.



HYMNS AND ANTHEMS,

Selected and arranged 1873.

BOOK THIRD.

151.

OUR little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee ;
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith ; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness ; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Tennyson.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall,
 Some are coming, some are going,
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each ;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
 Joys are sent thee here below ;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an armed band ;
 One will fade as others greet thee ;
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
 See how small each moment's pain ;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear ;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide Procter.

153.

SORROW and love go side by side ;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands.
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Unclasp their wedded hands.

Madame Guyon.

154.

UP, sad heart ! a Friend is near thee. Love
greets thee, and on thy joyless way joy is thy
companion. Through love shall my heart rise
pure, an offering to the great Heart. Sing then,
as thou journeyest, and abide evermore beneath
the protecting shade of love.

Kassim-ol-Enwar.

THE future hides in it
 Gladness and sorrow ;
 We press still thorow,
 Nought that abides in it
 Daunting us,—Onward.

And solemn before us,
 Veiled the dark Portal ;
 Goal of all mortal :—
 Stars silent rest o'er us,
 Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
 Comes boding of terror,
 Comes phantasm and error ;
 Perplexes the bravest
 With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,
 Heard are the Sages,
 The Worlds, and the Ages :
 " Choose well ; your choice is
 Brief, and yet endless.

" Here eyes do regard you
 In Eternity's stillness ;
 Here is all fulness,
 Ye brave, to reward you.
 Work, and despair not !"

Goethe, tr. Carlyle.

156.

SEE, before us in our journey broods a mist upon
the ground ;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending
with that gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the
mystery they screen,
Those who once have passed within it never
more on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stop beside us, now at seeming
distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward, bright
with summer green and flowers.
Still it blots the way for ever, there our journey
ends at last,
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered
to the past.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with
closer view,
See, beneath its sullen skirts the rosy morning
glimmers through !

Bryant.

157.

NOTHING is proof against the high decree
Of change and death that seize all here below :
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is Virtue ; the only lasting treasure Truth.

158.

SPIRIT of Truth, be thou my guide !

Oh clasp my hand in thine,
And let me never quit thy side ;
Thy comforts are divine.

Gentle thine eye, and soft thy voice,
But wondrous is thy might
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light.

And still to all that seek thy way
This magic power is given—
E'en while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend tow'rds heaven.

Anne Brontë

159.

WE see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

“TRUTH is great and must prevail !”

Trite the adage ; how and when ?
 Trial tells another tale,
 Truth has failed, will fail again
 If not backed by truthful men.

Truth is man's maturest thought,
 That the earnest grasp and try.
 Who for truth has never fought,
 Who lets falsehood known go by,
 Propagates himself the lie.

Truth through deserts leads the way,
 Like a guiding fire from God,
 Those who know its beam, and stray
 Far from where they're signed to plod,
 Keep the paths of truth untrod.

To the plough then lay your hand !
 Truth is nought when not embraced !
 Look not back, nor listless stand
 Where your line of work is traced,
 Falsehood vanishes when faced !

Wisely said the Man of Love,
 “ Who not gath'reth, scattereth ! ”
 Truth's our mission from above,
 Work alone can shew our faith,
 Help is life, indifference death !

161.

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
 Heard the solemn steps of time,
 And the low mysterious voices
 Of another clime ?

Early hath life's mighty question
 Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
 With a deep and strong beseeching,—
 What, and where, is truth ?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth the inward answer tend,
 But to works of love and duty,
 As our being's end ;

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
 Of a spirit which within
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigour,
 Steady heart and purpose strong,
 In the power of truth assaileth
 Every form of wrong.

Whittier.

162.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
 Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
 All around us clarion voices
 Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labour
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

163.

MAN'S self and his belongings
Are not his own so proper, as to waste
Himself upon his virtues, them on him.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.

Shakspeare.

164.

THE quality of mercy is not strained :
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal power
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

Shakspeare.

165.

REJOICE in God, ye sons of man,
 Your hearts in song o'erflowing !
 Rejoice in God, your hope, your plan,
 All-comforting, All-knowing !
 Where'er hearts own love's ruling nod
 The sons of man are sons of God,
 And God on earth is glowing.

A. J. Ellis.

166.

DEWS that nourish fairest flow'rs
Fall unheard in silent hours ;
Streams which keep the meadows green,
Often flow themselves unseen.

Violets hidden on the ground,
Throw their balmy odours round ;
Viewless, in the vaulted sky,
Larks pour forth their melody.

Emblems these, which well express,
Virtue's modest loveliness ;
Unobtrusive and unknown,
Felt but in its fruits alone.

Barton.

167.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest :—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

Montgomery.

168.

HE is the wisest man of men
 Who, as the outcome of his thought,
 Has learned to know for sober sooth
 In wisdom's eyes his worth is nought.

Socrates.

169.

O LORD of all, to thee we cry
 In songs of praise untiring :
 For thou art God and ever nigh,
 The soul all souls inspiring.
 When evil thoughts have power,
 And passion rules the hour,
 We'll turn our hearts to thee
 And shake our spirits free,
 Thy truth alone desiring.

O God, our hearts to thee lie bare,
 Our thoughts are spread before thee !
 Thou needest not the voice of prayer,
 We feel thee and adore thee !
 While love and hope and faith,
 More strong than life or death,
 Bind close to heaven thy choir,
 And touch with triple fire
 The song of praise we pour thee.

A. J. Ellis.

170.

THERE is a song now singing,
 Catch but its sweet beginning,
 And you will still its notes prolong ;
 For ever ever learning,
 Yet never quite discerning,
 The deep full meaning of the song.
 It tells of love undying,
 Before which grief is flying,
 Like mists swept by the sun along :
 Oh how earth's sorrow leaveth
 The heart that here receiveth
 The holy music of the song !

Spitta.

171.

A STORM sped over sea and land ;
 Harvest and bloom are beaten low,
 And many a treasure on the strand
 Marks the wild track with loss and woe.
 Where in the solitude it searched
 A child hath hung his one harp string :
 The blast to melody is touched,
 Prelude to blessings it would bring.
 O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate
 Shroud thy fair sky and on thee beat,
 With childlike trust attuned wait,
 Win from each storm its music sweet !

M. D. Conway.

172.

AS ships becalmed at eve that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day,
 Long leagues apart, are scarce descried ;
 E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged.
 'To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that and your own selves be true.
 But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.
 One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

Clough.

173.

YE moments of eternal Time
 That ever come and go,
 And bear to every coast and clime
 Your freights of weal and woe ;

Ye reap what former moments sowed,
And, as ye onward sweep,
Drop in your course the seeds abroad
Which after moments reap.
And while ye singly troop along,
Unchecked, relentless, fast,
Th' eternal spirit of your song
Is future—present—past.
With eye of sense we only see
The present moment's scope ;
The past exists in memory,
The future lives in hope.
Seize on the present, earnest mind !
Call up your noblest powers,
Dare to be swift,—we can but find
The passing moment ours !

Burrington.

174.

THE triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end ;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain ;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith.

OH speak not ye of power that builds its throne
 On outraged rights, for it shall pass away ;
 Yea, though its empire stretch from zone to zone,
 And bathe in endless day.

Even when the mirth is loudest shall the wine
 Grow bitter, and the shivered wine cup fall,
 For in that hour shall come the hand divine
 And write upon the wall.

Weep, if thou wilt, sad seer, thy land's decay ;
 Weep, if thou wilt, the hopes that shall expire ;
 Weep, if thou wilt, the wearisome delay
 Of earth's august desire.

But weep not ever-during Truth as fled,
 Though deserts howl where once her temples
 rose ;
 Nor weep for Freedom, dreaming she is dead,
 Fallen amidst her foes.

For God remaineth always ; and to Truth
 Shall incense stream from many a grander fane ;
 And in the blinding glory of her youth
 Freedom shall rise again.

Dorgan.

176.

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
 The frantic warrior's call !
 Why should the earth be drenched with gore,
 Are we not brothers all ?

Want, from the wretch depart,
 Chains, from the captive fall !
 Sweet Mercy, melt the oppressor's heart ;
 Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall !
 Let Love each harsher feeling drown ;
 For men are brothers all.

Let Love and Truth alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That Heaven its work at length may own,
 And men be brothers all.

Johns.

177.

BLEST be the man who gives us peace,
 Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang ;
 And, every vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The city flourish and the country smile !

Thomson.

178.

GOD of ages and of nations,
 Every race and every time
 Hath received thine inspirations,
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime !

Ever spirits in rapt vision
 Passed the heavenly veil within,
 Ever hearts bowed in contrition
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,
 Or proclaimed the eternal law.

That which came to ancient sages,
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
 Written in the heart's deep pages,
 Shines to-day, for ever new !

Samuel Longfellow.

179.

NEVER from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle ;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old ;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,

Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe ;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity :
Himself from God he could not free ;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;
Art might obey but not surpass :
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned,
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting quires,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

Emerson.

I THINK if thou couldst know,
 O soul that will complain,
 What lies concealed below
 Our burden and our pain ;
 How just our anguish brings
 Nearer those longed-for things
 We seek for now in vain ;—
 I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see
 With thy dim mortal sight
 How meanings, dark to thee,
 Are shadows, hiding light ;
 Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
 Life's purpose all perplexed ;—
 If thou couldst see them right,
 I think that they would seem all clear and wise
 and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
 And yet thou canst not see ;
 Wisdom and sight are slow
 In poor humanity.
 If thou couldst trust, poor soul,
 In Him who rules the whole,
 Thou wouldst find peace and rest.
 Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.

Adelaide Procter.

181.

WE hear thee, O thou Heavenly Friend !
And through thick veils we apprehend
Thy spirit working to an end.

We feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

Full well we know that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with heaven :
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream.

Tennyson.

182.

OH for a faith that shall not fail,
One that shall always work by love ;
And then, whatever foes assail,

They shall but higher courage move ;
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in God to live !

Oh for a heart that when 'tis glad

May ne'er, my God, from thee decline,
And when the hue of life grows sad

May still submit its will to thine ;
A heart that loves thee steadfastly,
A patient heart, that trusts in thee !

183.

MAN, oh not men ! A chain of linked thought
 Of love and might to be divided not,
 Compelling the elements with adamant stress ;
 As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,
 The unquiet republic of the maze
 Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free
 wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
 Whose nature is its own divine control,
 Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea:
 Familiar acts are beautiful through love ;
 Labour and pain and grief in life's green grove
 Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gentle
 they could be.

Shelley.

184.

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother !
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
 Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of him whose holy work was doing good ;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

Whittier.

185.

ALL-FATHER ! when man's softened heart
Is lifted up in thought to thee,
When earthly bonds awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free ;
Oh may he feel his love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue to know.
Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
The narrow realm of self above,
Enough that hearts of love have need,
For us to own the dues of love.

186.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie :
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

Lady Carew.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock ;
 Cast it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Cast it upon the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there ;
 O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown ;
 God keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strewn.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Light, heat, and moisture, all
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For harvest in the fall.

Montgomery.

188.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more :
 But, for a thousand years,
 Their fruit appears,
 In weeds that mar the land,
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
 Into still air they seem to fleet,
 We count them ever past ;
 But they shall last :
 In the long future they
 And we shall meet.

Keble.

189.

FULL sure I am there is no joy in sin ;
 Joy-scented peace is trampled under foot,
 Like a white growing blossom into mud.
 In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear ;
 The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace,
 And music floweth from the various world.

Allingham.

190.

WHAT shall it profit a man if he shall gain
 the whole world and lose his own soul ; or what
 shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?

Mark viii.

191.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
 Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all—
 And every Winter change to Spring.
 So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night—
 An infant crying for the light—
 And with no language but a cry !

Tennyson.

192.

KEEP innocence, and take heed unto the thing
 that is right ; for that shall bring a man peace
 at the last.

Psalm xxxvii.

193.

CANST thou by searching find out God ?
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection ?

Oh that I knew where I might find him ; that I might come even to his seat !

Behold I go forward, but he is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive him ; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him ; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him !

Fear not thou, for I am with thee ! Be not dismayed, for I am thy God ! I will strengthen thee ; yea I will help thee !

Job xi., xxiii. Isaiah xli.

194.

GOD that made the world and all things therein, dwelleth not in temples made with hands ; neither is worshipped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things ; and hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth ; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us ; for in him we live, and move, and have our being.

Paul (Acts xvii.)

195.

IN holy books we read how God hath spoken
 To holy men in many different ways ;
 But hath the present worked no sign nor token ?
 Is God quite silent in these latter days ?
 The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
 If he that spake it were not speaking still,
 If all the light and all the shade around
 Were aught but issues of Almighty will.
 So then, believe that every bird that sings,
 And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
 And every thought the happy summer brings,
 To the pure spirit is a word of God.

Hartley Coleridge.

196.

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the
 waters ; and he that hath no money, come ye,
 buy and eat : yea, come, buy wine and milk
 without money and without price !

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which
 is not bread, and your labour for that which
 satisfieth not ?

Hearken diligently ; receive ye that which is
 good, and let your soul delight itself.

Incline your ear ; hear, and your soul shall
 live !

Isaiah lv

197.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;
Such is the law of love.

Trench.

198.

LET all creatures be prosperous and happy,
let them be of joyful mind ; all beings that have
life, be they feeble or strong, minute or vast !

Seen or unseen, near or afar, born or seeking
birth, let all beings rejoice !

Let no man deceive another ; let none be
harsh to any ; let none wish ill to his neighbour !

Let the love that fills the mother's breast as
she watches over her child animate all !

Let the good will that is boundless, immeasur-
able, impartial, unmixed with enmity, prevail
throughout the world, above, below, around !

Buddha.

HOLY spirit, Truth divine !
 Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
 Voice of God, and Inward Light,
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy spirit, Love divine !
 Glow within this heart of mine ;
 Kindle every high desire,
 Perish self in thy pure fire !

Holy spirit, Power divine !
 Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
 By thee may I strongly live,
 Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy spirit, Right divine !
 Reign within this soul of mine ;
 Be my law, and I shall be
 Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy spirit, Peace divine !
 Still this restless heart of mine ;
 Speak to calm this tossing sea,
 Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy spirit, Joy divine !
 Gladden thou this heart of mine ;
 In the desert ways I sing
 " Spring, O well ! for ever spring."

Samuel Longfellow.

200.

MY God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man, to whose creation
All things are in decay ?

Since, then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last !
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

George Herbert.

201.

GOD is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
To wing my mystic flight from forth this world
I cheerful will obey. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him—in light ineffable !
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise !

Thomson,

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her
 "Grief will pass away ;
 Hope for fairer times in future
 And forget to-day !"
 Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
 Need not come in vain ;
 Tell her that the lesson taught her
 Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort
 "Soon she will forget,"—
 Bitter truth, alas, but matter
 Rather for regret.
 Bid her not seek other pleasures,
 Turn to other things,—
 Rather nurse her caged sorrow
 Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely
 And the stranger greet ;
 Not as foe, with sword and buckler,
 But as dear friends meet :
 Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
 By her dusky wings—
 Listening for the murmured blessing
 Sorrow always brings.

Adelaide Procter,

203.

HOURS there will come of soulless night,
 When all that's holy, all that's bright,
 Seems gone for aye :
 When truth and love, and hope and peace,
 All vanish into nothingness,
 And fade away.

Not to thyself, in that dark hour
 Look thou, my soul, but to that Power
 That holds thee fast !
 The all-embracing Tenderness
 Shall bring thee unto rest and peace
 And joy at last.

Fear not the cloud that veils the skies,
 'Tis out of darkness light must rise,
 As e'er of old :
 The true, the good, the fair endure,
 And thou, with eyes less dim, more pure,
 Shall them behold.

F. M. White.

204.

IF with all your hearts ye truly seek me ye
 shall ever surely find me—thus saith our God.

Oh that I knew where I might find him, that
 I might even come before his presence !

Deut. iv. Job xxiii.

205.

SALT of the earth, ye virtuous few,
 Who season human kind !
 Light of the world, whose cheering ray
 Illumes the realms of mind !
 Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
 Your strong compassion glows ;
 From your blest lips the balm distils
 That softens mortal woes.
 By dying beds, in prison glooms,
 Your frequent steps are found ;
 Angels of love ! you hover near,
 To bind the stranger's wound.
 You lift on high the warning voice,
 When public ills prevail ;
 Yours is the writing on the wall
 That turns the tyrant pale.
 Work on : your race of glory run ;
 Your virtuous toils endure :
 You come, commissioned from on high,
 And your reward is sure.

Mrs. Barbauld.

206.

OH sweeter than the sweetest flower
 At evening's dewy close,
 The will, united with the power,
 To succour human woes.

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

True helpful kindness strikes a root
That dies not nor decays,
And coming life shall yield the fruit
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes which now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestowed,
May perfect heaven's high plan ;
First daughter to the Love of God
Is Charity to Man.

Drennan.

207.

WITH admiration, love, and awe we gaze
Upon th' entrancing beauty of a flower,
Or the mysterious brilliance of a star :—
But what so wondrous as man's inner being ?
What flower blooms sweeter than a holy thought,
Or star shines half so bright as a good deed ?

H. K. Moore.

208.

O SOURCE divine and life of all,
 The fount of being's wondrous sea,
 Thy depth would every heart appal
 That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss
 Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
 We know thee truly but in this,
 That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
 We learn at last in thee to dwell,
 And through the ceaseless web to trace
 Thy presence working all things well.

And ne'er may life's delightful play
 Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
 Nor strength and gladness lead astray
 From thee, our nature's only guide.

Sterling. (alt.)

209.

ACQUAINT thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,
 And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road;
 And peace like the dew shall descend round thy
 head,

And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.
 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,
 And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
 Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
 Thy joy in the vale of the shadow of death.

210.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see !
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven—
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes,
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore.

211.

GREAT is the Lord, and marvellous, worthy to
 be praised : there is no end of his greatness.

One generation shall praise his works unto
 another, and declare his power.

Psalm cxlv.

212.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest angel gently comes ;
 No power has he to banish pain,
 Or give us back our lost again ;
 And yet in tenderest love our dear
 And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
 There's rest in his still countenance ;
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
 But ills and woes he may not cure
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
 Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,
 And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
 The throbs of wounded pride to still,
 And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
 With longings for the close of day,
 He walks with thee, that angel kind,
 And gently whispers,—Be resigned,
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
 That God's love ordereth all things well.

Whittier.

213.

OH deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The Power who pities man has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles may fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

A day may come of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 Though grief may bide an evening guest,
 Yet joy may come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy love again.

Bryant.

214.

PATIENCE! why 'tis the soul of peace ;
 Of all the virtues nearest kin to heaven :
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Dekker.

215.

WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father ! we worship as we gaze.

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee : but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own works of love are taught.

Here be they taught : and may we know
That trust thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
Till deeper, fuller life unfold.

A. Norton.

216.

TH' uplifted eye, the bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites and forms and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fast or penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?

The pure, the earnest, humble mind
Thankful, and to thy will resigned
To thee a nobler offering brings
Than priest prepares, or poet sings.

“Be just and kind,” that great command,
Doth on eternal pillars stand ;
This did the ancient prophets teach,
And all that truly know thee preach.

T. Scott.

217.

WOULD we aught behold of higher worth,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth ;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

Coleridge.

218.

O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose love created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end !

Transl. from Boethius by Dr. Johnson.

FAST round man's mind
 The superstitions on whose breast he's nursed,
 Close clustering, wind
 In chains impatient struggles cannot burst.

Fast round man's heart
 In linked strength entwined they still remain,
 Grown clinging part
 Of him whose bounding pulses they restrain.

Most free not those
 Who most deride the bonds they fail to see ;
 Their eyes who close
 In scorn, self-trust, or mad perversity.

Know well thou'rt bound,
 Yet midst these fetters let thy reason raise
 Th' exulting sound
 Proclaiming thou art free towards heaven to gaze.

Steadfast through pain
 As thou still ploddest on, with footsteps slow,
 High heaven to gain,
 The dragging weight will ever lighter grow.

At last, at last,
 When patient proving has set free thy mind,
 Its old power past,
 Thy chain remains—to link thee to thy kind.

H. K. Moore.

220.

MAN'S intellect can ne'er be satisfied
 If not enlightened by God's truth itself,
 Whence only springs all truth that walks the earth,
 Wherein it crouches safe, as beast in lair,
 When it has reached that home—as reach it can;
 If not, all man's desire would be in vain.
 For this, close to the foot of Truth springs Doubt
 Like some fair fountain, and is nature's self
 Urging us to the peak from height to height.

Dante.

221.

HENCE Superstition ! To oblivion, hence !
 Thy chain of adamant can bind
 That little world, the human mind,
 And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
 Thy triumphs cease : through every land,
 Hark, Truth proclaims thy triumphs cease !
 Her heavenly form with glowing hand
 Benignly points to piety and peace.
 She smiles ! and where is now the cloud
 That blackened o'er thy baleful reign ?
 Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
 Shrinking from her glance in vain.
 Her touch unlocks the dayspring from above,
 And lo ! it visits man with beams of light and love.

Rogers.

222.

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
 Where stars pursue their endless ways,
 We think we see from earth's low clod
 The wide and shining home of God.
 But, could we rise to moon or sun,
 Or path where planets duly run,
 Still heaven would spread above us far,
 And earth remote would seem a star.
 This earth, with all its dust and tears,
 Is his, no less than yonder spheres ;
 And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
 Are stamped by his immediate hand.
 The rock, the wave, the little flower,—
 All fed by streams of living power
 That spring from one almighty will,—
 Whate'er his thought conceives fulfil.
 We view those halls of painted air,
 And own thy presence makes them fair ;
 But nearer still to thee, O Lord,
 Is he whose thoughts with thine accord.

Sterling.

223.

DIFFUSED throughout infinitude of space
 Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place,
 Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
 Discerns, eluding our most active powers ;—

Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown ;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts and sovereign of the heart.

Mad. Guyon, tr. Cowper.

224.

THE light pours down from heaven
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As the waters fill the sea.
The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done ;
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.
Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light ;
Till earth becomes God's temple ;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

WHO is the angel that cometh ?

Life !

Let us not question what he brings,

Peace or strife,

Under the shade of his mighty wings ;

One by one are his secrets told ;

One by one,

Lit by the rays of each morning sun,

Shall a new flower its petals unfold,

With the mystery hid in its heart of gold ;

We will arise and go forth to greet him,

Singing, gladly with one accord ;—

“Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord !”

Who is the angel that cometh ?

Joy !

Look at his glittering rainbow wings—

No alloy

Lies in the radiant gifts he brings ;

Tender and sweet he is come to-day,

Tender and sweet :

While chains of love on his silver feet

Will hold him in lingering fond delay.

But greet him quickly, he will not stay,

Soon will he leave us ; but though for others

All his brightest treasures are stored ;—

“Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord !”

Who is the angel that cometh ?

Pain !

Let us arise and go forth to greet him ;

Not in vain

Is the summons gone for us to meet him ;

He will stay and darken our sun ;

He will stay

A desolate night, a weary day.

Since in that shadow our work is done,

And in that shadow our crowns are won,

Let us say still, while his bitter chalice

Slowly into our heart is poured ;—

“Blessed” is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord !”

Who is the angel that cometh ?

Death !

But do not shudder, and do not fear ;

Hold your breath,

For a kingly presence is drawing near.

Cold and bright in his flashing steel ;

Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a starry night

To calm the terror and grief we feel ;

He comes to help and to save and heal :

Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,

Sing, while we wait this angel’s sword ;—

“Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord !”

Adelaide Procter.

226.

I CANNOT always trace the way
 Where thou, almighty one, dost move ;
 But I can always, always say
 That God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
 I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love.

Yes, God is love,—a trust like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,—
 For God is love.

227.

WE all are thine—we owe to thee
 All blessings we possess ;
 Hope's joy and love's felicity,
 For it is thine to bless.

Oft when we gather weeds of woe,
 And strew them at our feet,
 We do but reap the tares we sow
 Among thy wealth of wheat.

Much ill that irks us here below
 Is born but of the breach
 Of nature's laws, which we are slow
 To recognize and teach.

Her laws of life, her laws of health,
Her holy laws of love
Obeyed, will bring us weal and wealth,
Thy blessings from above.
So every heart shall hymn thy praise,
Fulfilled with holy zeal ;
Till daylight, looming through the haze,
Truth's full-orbed sun reveal !

Noyes. (alt.)

228.

GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.
E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist its brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

Boyring.

229.

LOOKING on Nature I have often felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :—
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth.

230.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Pope.

231.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, eternal God !
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
 His high endeavour and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve ;
 And, O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !

Cooper.

232.

HAIL Universal Goodness, in full stream
 For ever flowing
 Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life !
 From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
 The great community of nature's sons,
 To thee, first father, ceaseless praise ascend :—
 And in the general hymn our grateful voice
 Be duly heard ; among thy works, not least,
 Nor lowest ; with intelligence informed
 To know thee and adore ; with freedom crowned
 Where Virtue leads to follow and be blest.

Milton.

233.

VIRTUE to know is not alone enough :
 But we must love it too, with our whole heart !
 And loving it is not alone enough :
 We must possess it, or our love is vain !

After Confucius. H.K.M.

HIGH thoughts !

They come and go

Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,

While round us flow

The winds from woods and fields with gladness
laden :

While the leaves quiver

By the lone river

And the quiet heart

From depths doth call,

And garners all—

Earth grows a shadow, forgotten whole,

And heaven lives in the blessed soul !

High thoughts !

They visit us

In moments when the soul is dim and darkened ;

They come to bless

After the weariness to which we hearkened :

In joy and gladness,

In mirth and sadness,

Come signs and tokens ;

Life's angel brings

Upon its wings

Those bright communings the soul doth keep,

Those heavenly thoughts so pure and deep.

Nicoll.

235.

“WHENCE and whither, Wanderer, say,
Perched on yonder giddy height?”

Whence? from out the realms of night;
Whither? towards the realms of day.

None has learned, and none can tell,
How Life burst upon our ball,
Whence, diffused to each through all,
Thought upon the Wanderer fell.

None has learned, and none can tell,
When Death flits from each to all,
And Life fails upon our ball,
Where, or whether, it shall dwell.

This the darkness I have past,
Darkness haunted still with dreams,
Dread surmises, doubting screams,
Souls staked madly on a cast.

Light at length! I see it gleam!
Groping is the curse of men,
Duty lies within your ken,
Rest on God, and fear no dream!

A. J. Ellis.

236.

THE Lord be a lamp unto thy feet and a light
unto thy path! The Lord preserve thee in the
way thou goest!

Psalm cxix.

237.

WHENE'ER we think of friends we've loved and
lost,

Some blest assurance, from the cloud emerging,
May teach us to bewail our loss,

Not with a grief that like a vapour rises

And melts, but grief devout that shall endure,

And a perpetual growth secure

Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,

A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.

Wordsworth.

238.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead thou me on ;

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

J. H. Newman.

239.

HOW blest is he whose tranquil mind,

When life declines, recalls again

The years that time has cast behind,

And reaps delight from toil and pain.

So when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom, and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last ;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

240.

THERE is no death for that which dwells apart ;
'Mid changing forms a secret strength remains :
All work endures, strong mind and noble heart
Touch to fine issues nobler hearts and brains.
True word, kind deed, sweet song, shall vibrate
still,
In rings that wander through celestial air ;
And human will shall build for human will
Fair basement to a palace yet more fair.

Call.

241.

OH there are moments which we call our own ;
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom we loved so long and see no more,
Loved and still love—not dead, but gone before—
We gather round us : and revive at will
Scenes in our life that breathe enchantment still,
That come not now at dreary intervals,
But where a light as from the blessed falls ;
A light such guests bring ever, pure and holy,
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy !

Rogers.

SHINE, ye stars of heaven,
 On a world of pain !
 See old time destroying
 All our hoarded gain ;
 All our sweetest flowers,
 Every stately shrine,
 All our hard-earned glory,
 Every dream divine.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On the rolling years !
 See how time, consoling,
 Dries the saddest tears ;
 Bids the darkest storm-clouds
 Pass in gentle rain ;
 While up-spring in glory,
 Flowers and dreams again.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On a world of fear !
 See how time, avenging,
 Bringeth judgment here ;
 Weaving ill-won honours
 To a fiery crown ;
 Bidding hard hearts perish,
 Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight !
See how time, rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light ;
Pays with kingly measure ;
Brings earth's dearest prize ;
Or, crowned with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise.

Adelaide Procter.

243.

YOUR fears and doubts forbear,
For God will make all clear.
Let us revere him,
And truly serve him !
His frowns will prove
But hidden smiles of love.
Hearts feel that love thee,
No evil can disturb their rest ;
Craving thy light, Lord, steadfast as they
adore thee,
Thus are they truly blest !
On the earth, in thy rays of glory,
Nought can exceed the joy, the calm and holy rest
Of hearts, pure hearts, that love thee.

Racine.

LIVE for something ; be not idle,
 Look about thee for employ ;
 Sit not down to useless dreaming,
 Labour is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay ;
 Life for thee hath many duties—
 Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway—
 Gentle words and cheering smiles ;
 Better far than gold and silver,
 Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
 Drop the tear of sympathy ;
 Whisper words of hope and comfort,
 Give, and thy reward shall be,
 Joy unto thy soul returning,
 From this perfect fountain-head ;
 Freely as thou freely givest,
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

245.

WORK ! it is thy highest mission,
Work ! all blessing centres there ;
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true, and good, and fair.
'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond ;
'Tis of thought the full fruition,
'Tis of love the perfect bond.
Work ! by labour comes th' unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn ;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.
Work ! in helping loving union,
With thy brethren of mankind ;
With the foremost hold communion,
Succour those who toil behind.
For true work can never perish ;
And thy followers in the way
For thy works thy name shall cherish ;—
Work ! while it is called to-day !

F. M. White.

246.

MEN are godlike in nothing so much as in
doing good to their fellow-creatures.

Cicero.

247.

IF on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still of countless price
 From old familiar things will rise.
 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
 Fresh beauty we in each shall see ;
 Some softening gleam of love shall dawn
 On every toil or grief that's borne ;
 As for some dear familiar strain
 Untired we ask and ask again,
 Ever in its melodious store
 Finding a spell unheard before.
 We need not hide in cloistered cell
 And bid our friends and work farewell ;
 The trivial round, the common task
 Will give our powers the room they ask.
 Oh could we see with clearer eyes,
 What lights would all around us rise ;
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

Keble.

248.

MY nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

Shakspeare.

249.

THANKS, ever thanks, for all this common life
 Can give of rest and joy amidst its strife ;
 For earth and trees and sea and clouds and
 springs ;
 For work, and all the lessons that it brings :
 For Pisgah gleams of newer fairer truth,
 Which ever ripening still renews our youth ;
 For fellowship with noble souls and wise,
 Whose hearts beat time to music of the skies ;
 For each achievement human toil can reach ;
 For all that patriots win, and poets teach ;
 For the old light that gleams on history's page,
 For the new hope that shines on each new age.
 May we to these our lights be ever true,
 Find hope and strength and joy for ever new,
 To heavenly visions still obedient prove,
 The Eternal Law, writ by the Almighty Love !

F. M. White.

250.

IF man aspires to reach the mount of God,
 O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
 He who best does his lowly duty here,
 Shall soar the furthest in that loftier sphere :
 In God's high work we find his promised rest,
 And he is nearest him who serves him best.

SOCIAL virtue, social worth,
Fairest of the things of earth !
Greeting man from mother's womb,
Weaving garlands o'er his tomb,
Stretching out a parent's arms,
Shielding helpless youth from harms,
Watching o'er his wakening hour,
Training up each growing power !
Round the man, with love unchanging,
Helpmates, friends, and brothers ranging ;
All thy joy in others finding !
Man and wife together binding,
With an ever-strengthening chain,
Heightening joy and dwarfing pain ;
On their breast the infant laying,
Holiest love with love repaying !
Home to home at once connecting,
All delighting, all protecting,
Till the ample city's round
In a knot of love is bound !
Still thy magic wider flinging,
Cities close to cities bringing,
Till thine unresisted hand
Rules the happy fatherland !
Still thy efforts never slacking,
Obstacles at nothing racking,

Till within thy fond embrace
Nestle all the human race,
None of all thy children lacking !
Social virtue, social worth,
Fairest of the things of earth !

As thy glorious law unfolds,
Man his history beholds,
Seems to comprehend his birth,
Grasps his purpose on the earth,
Welcomes every man as brother,
Issue of a common mother,
Self, reflected in another !
Everywhere beneath the sun,
Now, and since his time begun,
Now, and till his time is run,
Man is one.

A. J. Ellis.

252.

TRUTH fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more ;—drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

Wordsworth.

ANOTHER home is formed on earth,
 Another centre for the race !
 Focus of mingled tears and mirth,
 Of hope and love, and every grace
 That glads the heart and lights the face,
 Another home !

The man by years of anxious care
 From opening bud to ripeness brought ;
 In life's high toil to claim his share,
 To gather and to render thought,
 To honour, love, and cherish taught,
 In the new home.

The maid, by mother's fond control,
 Reared for a mother's holy part,
 Ready with his to fuse her soul,
 To glow with woman's priceless art,
 The children's light, the father's heart,
 In the new home.

Both conscious that their act to-day
 Knits them more closely to their kind ;
 And, casting lonely aims away,
 Calls them with all their soul to find
 The power of a life combined
 In their new home.

Husband and wife ! upon your path
All peace and happiness attend !
Bright with content, undimmed by wrath,
To God and man a constant friend,
Live true, and true await the end
In your new home !

A. J. Ellis.

254.

BY mutual vows united, now they stand
A loving husband and a faithful wife ;
Oh may the slender circlet on her hand,
Which he has placed there to remain for life,
Prove the first sacred link of one long golden
chain
To bind them ever close in happiness or pain !

H. K. Moore.

255.

AND in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height—
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world :
She mental breadth—nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

Tennyson.

256.

THE price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good all the days of her life.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Prov. xxxi.

257.

BEHOLD! thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands.

Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees.

When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness unto him.

He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame.

He was a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not searched he out.

Job iv.; xxix.

258.

LORD, that ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as day by day
The dawning soul from those young eyes
Looks with a clearer steadier ray ;

And grateful for the blessing given,
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains it as a child of heaven,
One of God's human family.

Oh task divine ! may all that share
A mother's charge, have strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
In ways of love and truth and right.

Bryant. (alt.)

259.

No tongue shall ever tell what bliss o'erflows
The mother's tender heart while round her hang
The offspring of her love, and lisp her name ;
As living jewels, dropped unstained from heaven,
That make her fairer far, and sweeter seem
Than every ornament of costliest hue !

Pollok.

260.

GOD bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

God love the little children,—
The angels at the door;
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

God keep the little children
That from our arms depart,—
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
But living in our heart.

John Page Hopps.

261.

A WORD will fill the infant heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
The joyous children know ;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe !

How much they suffer for our faults,
How much from our mistakes ;
How often our ill-judging zeal
An infant's misery makes !

No ; only taught by Love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task :
Affection, gentleness and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

L. E. Landon.

262.

O'ER wayward children wouldst thou hold firm
rule,

And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy
graces ;

And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

For haply there will come a weary day

When, overtasked at length,

Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way:

Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister—Patience—nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

Coleridge.

O THOU child of many prayers,
 Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares,
 Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
 Morning rises into noon,
 May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
 Birds, and blossoms many numbered ;—
 Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows
 When the young heart overflows,
 To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand,
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh that dew like balm shall steal
 Into wounds that cannot heal,
 Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile like sunshine dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art.

Longfellow.

264.

THE babe by its mother
 Lies bathed in joy,
 Glide its hours uncounted,
 The sun is its toy ;
 Shines the peace of all being
 Without cloud in its eyes,
 And the sum of the world
 In soft miniature lies.
 Profounder, profounder,
 Man's spirit must dive ;
 To his aye-rolling orbit
 No goal will arrive :
 The Lethe of Nature
 Can't trance him again,
 Whose soul sees the Perfect
 Which his eyes seek in vain.

Emerson.

265.

BEFORE thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
 I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth :
 Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray :
 Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
 Soar without bound, without consuming glow.

Sir W. Jones.

266.

ALL is changing, yet abiding,
 Death is ever giving life;
 Under weakness power is hiding,
 Love is in the midst of strife,
 In confusion order's rife.

 Brains are vainly taxed with guessing
 Why the world its form assumed;
 Few have ventured on confessing
 Light on Why has never loomed,
 Since primeval darkness gloomed.

 How the world is forward going
 Bit by bit has man explored—
 How, not Why, is worth our knowing,
 Telling of a single cord,
 Binding all to one great Lord!

 Free from crude creative passion
 Own and love the unchanging code!
 Whatsoe'er his thoughts may fashion
 Man above and 'neath the sod,
 Resteth in the hand of God.

A. J. Ellis.

267.

OPE, ope, my soul; around thee press
 A thousand things divine;
 All glory and all holiness
 Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open ; Love and Duty stand,
Thy guardian angels, near,
To lead thee gently by the hand,—
Their words of welcome hear.

Lie open, soul ; the Beautiful,
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, soul ; the great and wise,
About thy portal throng ;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul ; in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win ;
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in !

268.

MAN is his own star ; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill ;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?

Frozen and dead

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore ?

Oh doubting heart !

Far over purple seas,

They wait, in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze

To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die ?

Prisoned they lie

In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

Oh doubting heart !

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow,

While winter winds shall blow,

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays

These many days ;

Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?

Oh doubting heart !

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky,

That soon, for spring is nigh,

Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead and light
Is quenched in night :
What sound can break the silence of despair ?
Oh doubting heart !
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past ;
And angels' silver voices stir the air !

Adelaide Procter.

270.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still voice of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
My God ! silent, to thee,
Pure, warm, silent, to thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So dark when I roam in this wintry world
shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God ! trembling, to thee,
True, sure, trembling, to thee.

Thomas Moore.

271.

COMFORT, O Lord, the soul of thy servant: for
unto thee do I lift up my soul.

Psalm lxxxvi.

272.

AS o'er his furrowed fields, which lie
 Beneath a coldly dropping sky,
 Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
 The husbandman goes forth to sow :
 Thus, Freedom ! on the bitter blast,
 The ventures of thy seed we cast,
 And trust to warmer sun and rain
 To swell the gerin, and fill the grain.
 It may not be our lot to wield
 The sickle in the ripened field ;
 Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves :
 Yet, where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with God's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one.
 And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

Whittier.

273.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed :
 Then seize, O youth, the present hour ;
 Of that thou hast most need.
 Do thy best always,—do it now,—
 For in the present time,
 As in the furrows of a plough,
 Fall seeds of worth or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
Will by its fruit be known.

Jones Very.

274.

HE which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give—not grudgingly, nor of necessity ; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

Paul (2nd Cor. ix.)

275.

BEHOLD a sower went forth to sow :

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way-side, and the fowls came and devoured them up ;

Some fell upon stony places where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth ; and when the sun was up they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away :

And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them :

But others fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred-fold.

Matthew xiii.

276.

THOU long-disowned, reviled, oppressed
 Strange friend of human kind,
 Seeking through weary years a rest
 Within our hearts to find ;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks through these clouds of sin !
 Hail, Truth divine, we know thee now,
 Angel of God, come in !

Come, though with purifying fire
 And desolating sword,
 Thou of all nations the desire,
 Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance
 Let old oppressions die ;
 Before thy cloudless countenance
 Let fear and falsehood fly.

Flood our dark life with golden day,
 Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
 Then to a mightier yield thy sway
 And Love be all in all !

Eliza Scudder.

277.

I SEEK after Truth, by which no man ever yet
 was injured.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

278.

HIS life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world,—“ This was a man.”

Shakspeare.

279.

CALMLY, calmly lay him down !
He hath fought the noble fight ;
He hath battled for the right ;
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past,
Faithful toiled he to the last,—
Faithful through unflagging years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might ;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die !
To the dust his dust we give ;
In our hearts his heart shall live ;
Moving, guiding, working aye.

Gaskell (alt.)

280.

ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time;
 Some with massive deed and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.
 Nothing useless is or low,
 Each thing in its place is best;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.
 For the structure that we raise
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.
 Build to-day then strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Longfellow.

281.

WE all must work, with head or hand
 For self or others, good or ill;
 Life is ordain'd to bear, like land,
 Some fruit, be fallow as it will.
 Evil has force itself to sow
 Where we deny the healthy seed,
 And all our choice is this,—to grow
 Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot ;
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not.
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

Lord Houghton.

282.

IN the name of God advancing,
Sow thy seed at morning light ;
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labour on with all thy might.
Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies ;
Sow thou must before thou reapest :
Rest at last is labour's prize.

Standing still is dang'rous ever,
Toil is meant for mankind now ;
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow.
And the Master shall come smiling,
When work stops, at set of sun,
Saying, as he marks thy labour :—
Good and faithful friend, well done !

283.

DEVOUTLY look, and nought
 But wonders shall pass by thee ;
 Devoutly read, and then
 All books shall edify thee ;
 Devoutly speak, and men
 Devoutly listen to thee ;
 Devoutly act, and then
 The strength of God acts through thee.

Rückert. (Wisdom of the Brahmin.)

284.

MAY peace on earth with knowledge spread,
 The light of truth on all be shed,
 And ev'ry heart united be
 In Faith, and Hope, and Charity !
 In Faith, that reads in nature's laws
 The will divine of nature's cause ;
 That will, O Father, understood,
 The source of universal good.
 In Hope, that bears with patience still,
 And looks beyond the present ill,
 Cheers doubting hearts in grief and pain,
 And leads them back to faith again.
 In Charity, that breathes of peace,
 And bids all strife and discord cease ;
 The gifts of God are these, the three,
 Of which excelleth Charity.

W. E. Hickson.

285.

NOT with the flashing steel,
 Not with the cannon's peal,
 Or stir of drum ;
 But in the bonds of love
 Our white flag floats above,
 Her emblem is the dove ;—
 'Tis thus we come.

What is that great intent,
 On which each heart is bent,
 Our hosts among ?
 It is that hate may die,
 That war's red curse may fly,
 And war's high praise for aye
 No more be sung.

On then in God's great name !
 Let each pure spirit's flame
 Burn bright and clear ;
 Stand firmly in your lot,
 Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
 Be every fear forgot,
 God leads us here !

Davis.

286.

All things whatsoever ye would that men
 should do to you, do ye even so to them ; for
 this is the law and the prophets.

Matt. vii.

SWEET is the pleasure
 Itself cannot spoil !
 Is not true leisure
 One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
 Still do thy best ;
 Use it, not waste it—
 Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
 Near thee ?—all around ?
 Only hath Duty
 Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
 The busy career ;
 Rest is the fitting
 Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
 Clear without strife,
 Fleeing to ocean
 After its life.

Deeper devotion
 Nowhere hath knelt ;
 Fuller emotion
 Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best :
'Tis onwards, unswerving !—
And that is true rest.

Dwight.

288.

He liveth long, who liveth well,
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well,
Who wisdom speaks, must live it too ;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he lived, then spake, the true.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Bonar.

289.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flowing in the prophet's word
 And the people's liberty !
 Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined ;
 Thine is every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind !
 In the touch of earth it thrilled ;
 Down from mystic skies it burned ;
 Right obeyed and passions stilled
 Its eternal gladness earned.
 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good,—
 Life of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flow still in the prophet's word
 And the people's liberty !

S. Johnson.

290.

How all things in a whole do weave and blend,
 One in the other working, moving, living !
 Lo ! how the mighty forces rise, descend,
 The golden threads unto each other giving !

From the high heaven through earth beneath,
Their all-pervading effluence sinks,
And from the soft vibrations breathe
The blessings earth with rapture drinks.
Each atom by their touch is thrilled,
And wakened into melody,
Till universal space is filled
With universal harmony !

After Goethe.

291.

MY God, all nature owns thy sway !
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day :
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning rich in lustre breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;—
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

Miss Williams.

292.

DOUBLE road is given to mortals
 To attain to virtue's height ;
 If the one be closed, the other
 Open stands both day and night.
 Some by Action reach it, others
 By the path of Suffering go ;
 Happy they to whom 'tis granted,
 Loving, to unite the two.

Schiller. (Translated by F. M. White.)

293.

THE flowers live by the tears that fall
 From the sad face of the skies ;
 And life would lose its brightness all
 Were there no watery eyes.
 Bear thou thy sorrow : grief shall bring
 Its own excuse in after years ;
 The rainbow ! see how fair a thing
 God hath built up from tears.

294.

Sutton.

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen
 Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue ;
 Poison is also put in medicine,
 And unto man his health doth oft renew ;
 The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
 May hurt and heal : then if that this be true,
 I trust some time my harm may be my health,
 Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

295.

OUT of the dark the circling sphere

Is rounding onward to the light ;

We see not yet the full day here,

But we do see the paling night.

Look backward, how much has been won ;

Look round, how much is yet to win ;

The watches of the night are done,

The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds

The night and day alike in view,

Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,

Oh keep us steadfast, patient, true !

Samuel Longfellow.

296.

AWAKE, awake ! Put on strength, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is God's law.

God is he that comforteth ; be not afraid, for he is thy God—He, the Lord, will strengthen thee.

Say who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the Lord thy God ?—and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor. And where is the fury of the oppressor ?

Be not afraid, thy help is near.

Isaiah li.

297.

DARK, dark, yea, irrecoverably dark
Is the soul's eye : yet how it strives and battles
Through th' impenetrable gloom to fix
That master-light, the secret truth of things,
Which is the body of the infinite God !

Arthur H. Hallam.

298.

What man can name Him !
What man confess :
 I believe He is !
What man can feel,
And compel himself to say :
 I believe He is not !
The All-Enfolder,
The All-Upholder,
Enfolds and upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself ?
Bends not heaven's arch above,
Lies not firm earth below ?
Ascend not, cheerly gazing,
Eternal stars on high ?
Looks man not, eye on eye, at man ?
Crowd not all things
Upon thy head and heart,
Quivering in eternal myst'ry
Unseen and seen beside thee ?

Fill up thy heart withal, how great it be,
And when thou'rt wholly in the feeling
 bliss-entranced,
Then call it what thou wilt !
Call 't rapture, heart, love, God !
No name can name it !
Feeling is every thing !
Names are but sound and smoke
O'erclouding heaven's glow.

Translated from Goethe.

299.

GOD is not dumb, that he should speak no more ;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor :

There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find ; but he who bends
Intent on manna still, and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,

And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone ;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,

Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains
 shroud,

While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

Lowell.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
 The old Past whose life is fled ;
 Hush your voice to tender reverence,
 Crowned he lies, but cold and dead ;
 For the Present reigns our monarch,
 With an added weight of hours ;
 Honour her, for she is mighty !
 Honour her, for she is ours !

See the shadows of his heroes
 Girt about her cloudy throne,
 Every day her ranks are strengthened
 By great hearts to him unknown ;
 Noble things the great Past promised,
 Holy dreams both strange and new ;
 But the Present shall fulfil them,
 What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
 She is heir to all his fame,
 And the light that lightens round her
 Is the lustre of his name ;
 She is wise with all his wisdom,
 Living, on his grave she stands,
 On her brow she bears his laurels,
 And his harvest in her hands.

Coward ! can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim ?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him !
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey :
Bids us cast our lives before her ;
Bids us serve the great To-day.

Adelaide Procter.

301.

SHINES the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between ;
Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present, than thy bosom holds.

Emerson.

302.

SLEEPERS wake ! A voice is calling !
It is the watchman of the heart,
The conscience of humanity.
For lo ! the truth of God !
Arise ! Prepare your souls,
Welcome God's truth !
Behold the trial of your faith !
Awake ! No sleep ! One heart, one hand !

A. J. Ellis.

303.

SOME call the world a dreary place,
 And tell long tales of sin and woe ;
 As if there were no blessed trace
 Of sunshine, to be found below.

They point, when autumn winds are sighing,
 To falling leaves and withered flowers ;
 But shall we only mourn them dying,
 And never note their brilliant hours ?

They mark the rainbow's fading light
 And say it is the type of man ;
 " So passeth he "—but oh how bright
 The transient glory of the span !

They liken life unto the stream
 That swift and shallow pours along ;
 But beauty marks the rippling gleam,
 And music fills the bubbling song.

Oh why should our own hands be twining
 Dark chaplets from the cypress tree ?
 Why stand in gloomy spots repining,
 When further on, sweet buds may be ?

Eliza Cook.

304.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see ;
 And, what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee :

A man, that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, thro' it pass,
And then the heavens espy.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, FOR THY SAKE,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and th' action, fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold ;
For that, which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

George Herbert.

305.

A NOBLE heart doth teach a virtuous scorn :
A scorn to owe a duty overlong,
A scorn to be for benefits forborne,
A scorn to lie, a scorn to do a wrong,
A scorn to bear an injury in mind,
A scorn the free-born heart slave-like to bind.

Lady Carew.

306.

OH who shall say he knows the folds
 Which veil another's inmost heart,—
 The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds,
 In which he never bore a part ?
 That hidden world no eye can see,—
 Oh who shall pierce its mystery ?
 Go bend to God and leave to him
 The mystery of thy brother's heart,
 Nor vainly think his faith is dim
 Because in thine it hath no part ;
 He too is mortal and like thee
 Would soar to immortality.

Jane Roscoe.

307.

OH that the spirit of love would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast ;
 And make my soul his pure abode,
 The temple of indwelling God !

Charles Wesley.

308.

WHAT though no stone the record bears,
 Of nameless martyrs' thoughts and prayers,
 May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
 With knowledge of their presence filled,
 And by their lives be taught to prize
 The beauty of self-sacrifice ?

Mrs. Hemans.

WHEN, though no loving accents fall
 In snows upon thy parched brow,
 Yet others unto others call,
 To give the kiss or breathe the vow ;
 Then let thy love for them beguile
 The self-love that would in thee rise,
 And bid a softly-welling smile
 Warm once again thy frozen eyes.

When thy love-dreams sweet visions see,
 And loving looks upon thee shine,
 And loving lips speak joys to thee,
 Which never, never may be thine,
 Then press thy hand hard on thy side,
 And force down all the swelling pain ;
 Doubt not, the wound, however wide,
 Shall close at last and heal again.

Think not of what is from thee kept,
 Think rather what thou hast received ;
 Thine eyes have smiled, if they have wept ;
 Thy heart has danced, if it has grieved.
 Rich comforts long have been thine own ;
 Sure as the sun thy mercies rise ;
 And know—God's love alike is shown
 In what he gives and what denies.

Sutton.

310.

THE present, future, past,
 What are they, Lord, but thee?
 Thou art, and ever wast,
 What hath been and will be.
 Thou only seest the sun
 To which slow ages tend;
 And art the Unbegun,
 Which is, and cannot end.
 The generations gone,
 What are they but a word?
 All, all that they have done
 Is but thy whisper, Lord.
 The deeds which in old song
 Like stars of morning shine,
 Are accents from thy tongue,
 Unwritten words of thine.

Ebenezer Elliott.

311.

EVERLASTING! changing never!
 Of one strength, no more, no less;
 Thine almightiness for ever,
 Ever one thy holiness:
 Thee eternal,
 Thee all glorious we possess.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing.
Onward! onward!
Why this hopeless tarrying?

Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break;
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

By the old aspirants glorious;
By each soul heroical;
By the strivers, half victorious;
By thy Jesus and thy Paul,
Truth's own martyrs,—
We are summoned, one and all.

By each saving word unspoken;
By thy truth as yet half won;
By each idol still unbroken;
By thy will yet poorly done;
O Almighty!
We are borne resistless on.

ARISE, my soul ! nor dream the hours
 Of life away ;
 Arise ! and do thy being's work
 While yet 'tis day.

The doer, not the dreamer, breaks
 The baleful spell,
 Which binds with iron bands the earth
 On which we dwell.

Up, soul ! or War, with fiery feet
 Will tread down men ;
 Up ! or his bloody hands will reap
 The earth again.

Oh dreamer wake ! your brother man
 Is still a slave ;
 And thousands go heart-crushed this morn
 Unto the grave.

The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned,
 Not girt with shame :
 And love and truth and right as yet
 Are but a name.

From out time's urn your golden hours
 Flow fast away ;—
 Then dreamer up ! and do life's work
 While yet 'tis day.

313.

LABOUR is worship—the robin is singing ;
 Labour is worship—the wild bee is ringing ;
 Listen, that eloquent whisper up-springing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing
 flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his
 part.
 Droop not, though sin, shame, and anguish are
 round thee,
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
 thee,
 Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
 Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod !
 Work, for some good, be it ever so slowly,
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,
 Labour ! all labour is noble and holy :—
 Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God ;

Mrs. Osgood.

314.

ALL nature is but art, unknown to thee :
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see :
 All discord, harmony not understood :
 All partial evil, universal good !

Pope.

315.

LIFE is onward—use it
 With a forward aim ;
 Toil is heavenly, choose it
 And its warfare claim.

Look not to another
 To perform your will,
 Let not your own brother
 Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—heed it
 In each varied dress,
 Your own act can speed it
 On to happiness.

His bright pinion o'er you,
 Time waves not in vain,
 If Hope chants before you
 Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it,
 Sun-lit or in storm ;
 Oh do not despise it
 In its humblest form !

316.

TIME was, is past ; thou canst not it recall :
 Time is, thou hast ; employ the portion small :
 Time future is not, and may never be :
 Time present is the only time for thee.

317

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
• Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

J. H. Newman.

318.

YON bubbling fountain so obscure,
So small it scarcely owns a source,
Through tangled wilds makes progress sure,
Till none may dare to stem its force :
So Truth may flow from humblest soul
Yet swell till river-like it roll.

Yon tiny flower that bursts the clod
So faint it hardly seems to live,
Still wrestles up to crown the sod,
And all around sweet incense give :
So Truth at first may feebly spring,
Yet o'er the world its fragrance fling.

Thos. Knox.

NOT for ever on thy knees

Be before the Almighty found ;
There are griefs the true heart sees,
There are burdens thou canst ease—

Look around !

Not long pray'rs, but earnest zeal,

This is what is wanted more :
Put thy shoulder to the wheel,
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store !

Not high-sounding words of praise

Sing to God, 'neath some grand dome,
But the fallen haste to raise,
And the poor from life's highways
Bring thou home !

Worship God by doing good :

Works, not words ; kind acts, not creeds ;
He who loves God as he should,
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,

And to brighten eyes now dim ;
Kind deeds done to one another
Unto God are done, my brother,
Unto Him !

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
 While the days are going by ;
 There are weary souls who perish
 While the days are going by :
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh the good we all may do
 While the days are going by !

There's no time for idle scorning
 While the days are going by ;
 Be our faces like the morning
 While the days are going by :
 Oh the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
 Help the fallen one to rise
 While the days are going by

All the loving links that bind us
 While the days are going by,
 One by one we leave behind us
 While the days are going by :
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in sun and shade will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow
 While the days are going by.

321.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
 God doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Doth choose the pure in heart.

Keble.

322.

STRONG-SOULED reformer, whose far-seeing faith
 Of lifted cry and tumult had no need,
 Who stayedst the lightnings of thy holy wrath
 Why pitying love, to spare the bruised reed,—
 Thy will to save, thy strength to conquer, flowed
 From seas of tenderness and might in God.

Thy living word sprang from the heart of man
 Eternal word of love and liberty ;
 Fearless thou gav'st it to the winds again,
 'Twas manhood's native tongue and could not die :
 To thy dear brotherhood life's pulses leap,
 And wakening ages answer, deep to deep.

S. Johnson.

323.

DARK were the paths which Jesus trod,
 Yet never failed his trust in God ;
 Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
 Yet he but felt for man the more.

Oh may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy ;
Still loving man through every ill
And trusting in our Father's will !

Gaskell.

324.

SPEAK gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring ones,
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh win them back again.

Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

Hangford.

325.

OH happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial Wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young, with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

Logan.

326.

INCLINE thine ear unto wisdom, and apply
 thine heart to understanding !

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest
 up thy voice for understanding—if thou seekest
 her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid
 treasures—then shalt thou understand the fear
 of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

Prov. ii.

327.

O MAN ! I've not deceived thee, Wisdom cries—
 My first denials end in generous light ;
 As winter yields to spring, hate yields to love ;
 Who think to stem, but raise the waters' might !
 Great truths, in measureless, increasing pile,
 By their huge mass oft darksome shadows cast,
 Before whose depth man stands with anxious
 heart :—

So, Providence with grandeur dims our sight ;
 So, sinister and holy night doth weave
 Her veil of shadows with the star-depths' light.

Victor Hugo.

328.

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and
 the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the
 merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than
 fine gold ; she is more precious than rubies, and
 all the things thou canst desire are not to be
 compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her
 left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
 paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon
 her ; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Prov. iii.

329.

WHEN sorrow sleepeth, wake it not,
 But let it slumber on ;
 If grief is for a while forgot,
 Its power that while is gone.

The mind may from the pause gain strength,
 To grapple with its foe ;
 And thence may rise, to prove at length
 Triumphant over woe.

We mourn the lost, we sigh for care,
 We grieve by fears opprest,
 And all a secret burden bear,
 And long for peaceful rest.

Then watch thy thoughts, thy words restrain,
 Each heart its burden knows ;
 One little word, all light and vain,
 May break that heart's repose.

330.

OH still trust on, if in the heart
 A holy inspiration rest ;
 Though painful be the chosen part,
 With doubts, and fears, and cares opprest !
 Oh shrink not, brothers, though the call
 Demand our youth, our strength, our all !

And still trust on ! With trembling hand
'Tis ours a little seed to sow ;
Knowing the law will firmly stand
That bids it into ripeness grow ;
Beauty and fragrance it shall bring,
And breathe an everlasting spring.

331.

IN darker days and nights of storm,
Men knew God but to fear his form,
And in the reddest lightnings saw
His arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days we read his love
In flow'rs beneath, in stars above ;
And in the track of every storm,
Behold his cheering rainbow form.

E'en in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath ;
But always wisdom,—perfect love,
From flowers below to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains.
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
While true parental love is here.

Theodore Parker.

332.

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
 The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
 And on the waters drearily
 Descends the fitful evening blast.
 The weary bird has left the air,
 And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
 The wandering beast has sought his lair,
 And laid him down to welcome rest.
 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
 Lingers a form of human kind ;
 And on his lone unsheltered head
 Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
 Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
 Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;
 He hath not where to lay his head.
 Such was the lot he freely chose,
 To bless, to raise the human race ;
 And through his poverty there flows
 A rich full stream of heavenly grace.

Russell.

333.

HE was despised and rejected of men ; a man
 of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

Isaiah liii.

334.

IN those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea and saying :—

Repent ye ; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees : therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.

Matthew iii.

335.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Matthew

336.

“ DOUBT sinful ” ? One indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true ;
 Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out :
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them : thus he came at length
 To find a stronger faith his own ;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone.

Tennyson.

337.

O THOU fair Truth, for thee alone we seek,
 Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak ;
 From thee we learn whate'er is right and just,—
 Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
 Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
 And, following thee, to follow nought beside.

Crabbe.

ALL grows, says Doubt, all falls, decays and dies ;
 There is no second life for flower or tree :
 O suffering soul, be humble and be wise,
 Nor dream new worlds have any need of thee !

And yet, cries Hope, the world is deep and wide ;
 And the full circle of our life expands,
 Broadening and brightening, on an endless tide
 That ebbs and flows between these mystic lands.

O God ! I will not ask to know thy thought,
 I will not climb thy hills, or span thy sky ;
 Shall the child compass what the man hath
 wrought ?

Can man do more than feel the God on high ?

Not endless life, but endless love I crave,
 The gladness and the calm of holier springs,
 The hope that makes men resolute and brave,
 The joyful life in the great Life of Things.

The soul that loves and works will need no praise ;
 But fed with sunlight and with morning breath,
 Will make our common days eternal days,
 And fearless greet the mild and gracious death.

Call.

339.

OH who shall lightly say, fair fame
 Is nothing but an empty name !
 Whilst in that sound there is a charm
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young from slothful couch will start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part.

Oh who shall lightly say, fair fame
 Is nothing but an empty name !
 For in that sound there is a charm
 The will to brace, the heart to warm,
 When memory of the mighty dead,
 To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye,
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality.

Johanna Bailie.

340.

O EARTH ! thy past is crowned and consecrated
 With its reformers, speaking yet, though dead ;
 Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,
 Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led.
 O Earth ! the present too is crowned with splendour
 By its reformers battling in the strife ;
 Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,
 Making the world more hopeful with their life.

O Earth ! thy future shall be great and glorious
With its reformers, toiling in the van ;
Till truth and love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And earth be given to freedom and to man.

Harris.

341.

O PURE Reformers ! not in vain
Your trust in human kind ;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide ;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love,—your battle-ground
The free broad field of Thought.

Oh may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.

Whittier.

RISE ! for the day is passing,
 And you lie dreaming on ;
 The others have buckled their armour
 And forth to the fight are gone :
 A place in the ranks awaits you,
 Each man has some part to play,
 The Past and the Future are nothing
 In the face of the stern To-day !

Rise from your dreams of the Future—
 Of gaining some hard-fought field,
 Of storming some airy fortress,
 Or bidding some giant yield.
 Your Future has deeds of glory,
 Of honour (God grant it may !)
 But your arm will never be stronger
 Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you
 Her sunshine and storms forget ;
 No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret.
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever ;
 Cast her phantom arms away,
 Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
 Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing ;
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last
When, from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

Adelaide Procter.

343.

PRESS on, press on, ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown !

Press on, press on, through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still !

Gaskell.

344.

To all it is not granted to live long,
But each man has the power to live well :
It is not days but deeds that measure life.
The wicked perish e'en before they die,
The faithful, though departed, live away.

After Seneca. H. K. M.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !

Oh Duty ! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth ;
 Glad hearts without reproach or blot
 Who do thy work and know it not :
 Oh if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around
 them cast !

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the most ancient heavens through thee are
 fresh and strong.

Wordsworth.

WHAT of the night, watchman : what of the night?

The wintry gale sweeps by,
The thick shadows fall, and the night bird's call
Sounds mournfully through the sky.

The night is dark, it is long and drear

But still, while others sleep,
A little band, who together stand,
Their patient vigils keep.

All awake is the strained watchful eye,

And awake the listening ear;
Till the dawn they wait, and watch at the gate,
For the enemy is near.

What of the night, watchman ; what of the night?—

Though the wintry gale sweep by,
When the darkest hour begins to lower
We know that the dawn is nigh.

347.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty ;

I woke, and found that life was Duty.

Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie ?

Toil on, sad heart, courageously,

And thou shalt find thy dream to be

A noon-day light and truth to thee.

Ellen Hooper.

348.

WHEN joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
 Is dimmed and vanished too,
 Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not God's wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 With healing from above ?

For God will heal the broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe :
 And sorrow, touched by him, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

349.

THERE are three lessons I would write,
 Three words, as with a burning pen,
 In tracings of eternal light
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope !—though clouds environ round,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow ;
 No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith!—where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of Heaven,
And all things on the earth.

Have Love!—not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope,—Faith,—and Love; and thou shalt
find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light where thou else wert blind.

350.

THOU Power and Peace! in thee we find
All holiest strength, all purest love;
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove.

Breviary.

351.

HOW beautiful are the feet of them that preach
the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of
good things.

Isaiah lii.

352.

SOFTLY breaks the morning light
 O'er the peaceful slumbering earth,
 Banishing the gloom of night,
 Waking all things into mirth.

Rosy beams illumine the hills,
 Then, descending, valleys glow ;
 Now no cloud of darkness fills
 Any spot of earth below.

Thus the truth in silent power
 Dawns upon the human brain,
 Touching first the heights that tower,
 Then, expanding, floods the plain :

Mental heights all bathed in love,
 Earnest hearts that will not rest,
 Until vale and darkened grove
 Shine, with God's bright glory blest.

Tozer.

353.

LET us adore that Diviner Sun from whom
 flow rays of light and joy, from whom all do
 proceed, in whom all live anew, to whom all
 must return. May he rule our thoughts aspiring
 to his sacred heart !

(The Gayatri the holiest verse in the Vedas.)

354.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Wordsworth.

355.

DAY spring of Eternity,
 Dawn on us this morning tide !
 Light from Light's exhaustless sea,
 Now no more thy radiance hide,
 But dispel with glorious might
 All our night !

Let the morning dew of love
 On our sleeping conscience rain ;
 Gentle comfort from above
 Flow through life's long-parched plain ;
 Water daily us thy flock
 From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
 Cold obedience faintly given ;
 Wake our hearts to strength and joy
 With the flushing eastern heaven ;
 Let us truly rise, ere yet
 Life be set.

Von Rosenroth (tr. Cath. Winkworth.)

MORNING breaketh on thee,
 Fresh life's pulses beat
 Earth and sky new kindled
 Once again to greet :
 With a thousand voices
 Woods and valleys sound,
 Leaf and flower with dewdrops
 Sparkle all around.

Day is all before thee,
 Vanished is the night ;
 Wouldst thou aught accomplish—
 Look toward the light :
 Let a mighty purpose
 In thee stir and live,
 After highest being
 Evermore to strive.

As through mist and vapour
 Breaks the morning sun,
 Shine and work, thou spirit,
 Till thy task is done :
 On the hills when dieth
 Day's last crimson fire,
 May thine own and heaven's
 Blessing thee inspire.

357.

So here hath been dawning

Another blue day :

Think wilt thou let it

Slip useless away ?

Out of eternity

This new day is born ;

Into eternity

At night will return.

Behold it aforetime

No eye ever did ;

So soon it for ever

From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning

Another blue day :

Think wilt thou let it

Slip useless away ?

Carlyle.

358.

SPEAK thou thy thought,

For speech is as sweet morning to the mind :

It spreads the beauteous images abroad

Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Nath. Lee.

359.

SWEET morn ! from countless cups of gold
 Thou liftest reverently on high
 More incense fine than earth can hold,
 To fill the sky.

Where'er the vision's boundaries glance
 Existence swells with living power,
 And all the illumined earth's expanse
 Inhales the hour.

In man, O morn ! a loftier good
 With conscious blessing fills the soul,
 A life by reason understood,
 Which metes the whole.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope
 With skill, against his toil he bends,
 And finds his work's determined scope
 Where'er he wends.

From earth and earthly toil and strife
 To deathless aims his soul may rise,
 Each dawn may wake to better life
 With purer eyes.

Sterling.

360.

So teach us to number our days, that we may
 apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalm xc.

361.

GENTLY fall the evening shadows
 O'er the hills and o'er the plains,
 Cattle slumber in the meadows,
 Hushed are now the wild bird's strains.

Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
 Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
 Stars gleam on the brimming river,
 Earth is wrapped in folds of love.

Have we in the day just going
 Breathed pure thoughts and purpose high,
 Used the hours now past us flowing
 Wisely, ere the night draws nigh?

On our hearts sweets peace is falling
 Softly, like the shades of night,
 And to each a voice is calling
 "Be thou faithful to the right."

Tozer.

362.

IN GOD let the faithful trust! He loveth the
 loving. In God let the faithful trust! He loveth
 the patient. To Him belongeth the East and
 the West, and whithersoever your face be turned
 to adore, God is there.

Mahomet.

FATHER, now the day is over,
 As the sun sinks in the west,
 Ere the night creep slowly round me,
 Ere soft slumber be my guest,
 Let me bless thee that to-day,
 Thou, my God, hast been my stay.

Lord, I need no earthly temple,
 For, where I thy love have found,
 All thy humblest creatures teach me
 Where I am is holy ground :
 Lord, I need no holier place
 Than where I thy love can trace.

For the love of friends I bless thee,
 Who to-day my joy have shared,
 Whose true hearts, spread out before me,
 Have thy love to me declared ;
 For each thought of truth and love,
 They have echoed from above.

Blessings for the bond which binds us
 Each to each, and all to thee,
 And with all the past entwines us,
 In the world's long harmony ;
 For each striving human soul
 Which is part of thy great whole.

364.

WELCOME the hour of sweet repose,
The sacred closing hour of day !
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

What is our duty here ? To tend
From good to better—thence to best ;
Grateful to drink life's cup, then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live that, when the sun
Of our life's day shall sink in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light,
And the blest seeds we scattered bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

Bowring.

365.

KNOW'ST thou yesterday, its aim and reason ?
Work'st thou well to-day for worthy things ?
Then calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season,
And fear not thou what hap soe'er it brings.

Carlyle.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
 laughing soil,
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the
 mower's toil ;
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
 and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her
 Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning and those that
 love the shade ;
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
 drowsy glade ;
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
 his way ;
 The moon and stars ; their Maker's name in silent
 pomp display.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
 summer fade,
 The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
 the shade,
 The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget
 their old decree ;—
 But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling
 to thee !

367.

Now is that glorious resurrection time

When all earth's buried beauties have new birth ;
Behold the yearly miracle complete,
God hath created a new heaven and earth.

There is a brighter book unrolling now,

Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All veined, and dewed, and gemmed with wondrous signs

To which a healing mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call,

From the fair hill-top, from the water-fall ;
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

No tree that wants his joyful garments now,

No flower but hastes his bravery to don ;
God bids thee to this marriage-feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

368.

I, NATURE, change on change assume

In life that glows in star and clod,
So work I at Time's rushing loom,
And weave the living robe of God !

After Goethe.

369.

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
 East wind and frost are safely gone ;
 With zephyr mild and balmy rain
 The summer comes serenely on.
 Earth, air, and sun, and skies combine
 To promise all that's kind and fair,—
 But thou, O human heart of mine !
 Be still, contain thyself, and bear.
 December days were brief and chill,
 The winds of March were wild and drear,
 And nearing and receding still
 Spring never would, we thought, be here.
 The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
 Had not the less their certain date :—
 And thou, O human heart of mine !
 Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

Clough.

370.

THESE are thy glorious works, parent of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above the heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works : yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Milton.

OUR Earth has not grown aged,
 With all her countless years ;
 She works and never wearies,
 Is glad, and nothing fears.
 The glow of air, broad land and wave
 In season reappears ;
 And shall when slumber in the grave
 These human smiles and tears.

Oh rich in songs and colours,
 Thou joy-reviving Spring !
 Some hopes are chill'd with Winter,
 Whose term thou can'st not bring :
 Some voices answer not thy call,
 When sky and woodland ring,
 Some faces come not back at all
 With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow,
 The upward-yearning seed,
 Find nature's promise faithful,
 Attain their humble meed.
 Great Parent ! Thou hast also form'd
 These hearts which throb and bleed ;
 With love, truth, hope, their life hast warm'd,
 And what is best, decreed.

Allingham.

372.

HOW glad the tone when summer's sun
 Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
 And trees bend down with golden fruit,
 And birds are in their bowers !

The morn sends silent music down
 Upon each earthly thing ;
 And always since creation's dawn
 The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,
 While all beneath the skies
 Swell the grand chorus of earth's joy ?
 No, let his voice arise !

Oh may our lives, great God, breathe forth
 A constant melody ;
 And every action be a tone
 In that sweet hymn to thee.

Richardson.

373.

THE heavens are telling the glory of God, and
 the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto
 day speaketh evermore, night unto night his
 wisdom sheweth forth. In all the earth resounds
 their word, never unperceived, ever understood.

From Psalm xix.

LEAF by leaf the roses fall,
 Drop by drop the springs run dry.
 One by one, beyond recall,
 Summer beauties fade and die.
 But the roses bloom again,
 And the springs will gush anew,
 In the pleasant April rain
 And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
 When the springs of gladness fail,
 And the roses in their bloom
 Droop like maidens wan and pale ;
 We shall find some hope that lies
 Like a silent germ apart,
 Hidden far from careless eyes
 In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
 That will spring afresh and new,
 When grief's winter shall have fled,
 Giving place to sun and dew.
 Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
 Through the weary, weary time,
 Budding forth its blossoming,
 In the spirit's silent clime.

375.

THE harvest days are come again,
 The vales are surging with the grain,
 The happy work goes on amain ;
 Pale streaks of cloud scarce veil the blue,
 Against the golden harvest hue
 The autumn trees look fresh and new ;
 And wrinkled brows relax with glee
 And aged eyes they laugh to see
 The sickles follow o'er the lea.
 The wains the sunny slopes roll down ;
 Afar the happy shout is blown
 Of children, and of reapers brown.
 May we into Time's furrow cast
 Our deeds, as seed-corn, thick and fast,
 Whose fruit eternally shall last.
 When our last day of toil is come,
 May we in twilight's gathering gloom
 Hear echoes of a Harvest-home.

F. Tennyson.

376.

O LOVELY peace with plenty crowned,
 Come spread thy blessings all around ;
 Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn
 And valleys smile with wavy corn !

377.

EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,—
All around, below, above,
Hath this record : God is Love.

All the tender hopes that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ;—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering : God is love.

378.

IN winter's cold, as in the summer's heat,
Behind the cloud the sun remains the same,
And faith discerns him in his deep retreat
Clearly as sense which sees the living flame.
Fit emblem this of our dear father's love
Encircling all things in its wide embrace,
Blessing, e'en when its bliss we cannot prove,
Glowing, e'en when its warmth we cannot trace.
In life, in death, in sorrow, and in joy,
This love divine knows neither change nor end,
And perfected in us, will fear destroy,
And mortal with immortal love will blend.

Norrington.

379.

'TIS Winter now ; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days !

Samuel Longfellow.

380.

HEAVEN but tries our virtue by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Mallet.

381.

BLESSED is he that cometh in the name of the
Lord. Hosanna in the highest. Amen.

Mark xi.

382.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
Then from each black accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the south,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
And in despair I bowed my head ;
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;
 “ For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
“ God is not dead ! nor doth he sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

383.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bell, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be !

Tennyson.

384.

WHEN winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends ; when eyes grow strange ;
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
When earth and all things in it change :—
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never ;
Not once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever !

John Quarles.

385.

BUT the Lord forgetteth not his children. Bow
down before him ye mighty, for the Lord is near.

386.

MEN whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,—
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?
 They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak:
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think:
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

Lowell.

387.

HARK! through the waking earth,
 Hark! through the echoing sky,
 Herald of freedom's birth,
 There comes a glorious cry.
 The triple chains that bind
 Fall from the weary limb,
 Fall from the down-crushed mind,
 As rolls that noble hymn.

Unto man's waiting heart
It saith,—“ Arise, be strong !
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong.

“ Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him ;
Revere the stamp of heaven,
However marred and dim.

“ Bid fear give place to love ;
Bid crime and passion cease ;
Be every word of hate
For ever hushed in peace.”

388.

THERE is a glorious liberty, unsung
By poets, and by orators unpraised,
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more :—
'Tis Liberty of Heart ; derived from heaven,
Held out by God himself to all mankind,
That all may share who will. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
And are august : but this transcends them all.

Cowper.

389.

OH how wise that God hath hidden
 All the future from our view :
 Oh how well that 'tis forbidden
 Coming darkness to look through !
 If time's page of hurrying fleetness
 Were unveiled to readers here,
 Joy itself would lose its sweetness,
 Sorrow would become despair.

Now if storms the ocean cover,
 Hope declares a calm is near ;
 And when discord's tones are over,
 Softened music meets the ear.
 If the shadows of affliction
 Round us gather as we go,
 Soon some heavenly benediction,
 Wakens peace from slumbering woe.

Bowring.

390.

OH rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him
 and he will give thee thy heart's desires.

Commit thy way unto him, and trust in him ;
 and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

He that shall endure to the end shall be
 saved.

Ps. xxxvii ; Matt. xxiv.

391.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say—
Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply—
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path and sad my lot
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer so bravely taught—
Thy will be done !

Charlotte Elliott.

392.

CAN cautious reason's dictates do no more
Than bid men shun the deep and dread the
shore ?

Ah no ! although afloat on life's rough wave,
The true man has an art himself to save ;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers ;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

Adapted from Cowper.

393.

Go, my child, thus saith the Highest,
 Warning, cheering, day by day,—
 Go, my child, and as thou triest
 Life's temptations, bravely say :
 Do thy duty, tide what may !

Faint not ! yield not ! 'tis no sadness
 Burdens thee on life's true way :
 Duty done is heartfelt gladness,
 Cheering as the summer ray :
 Do thy duty, tide what may !

When a cloud obscures the heaven,
 Know the sun will bring thee day :
 When to grief thy soul is given,
 Trust my love will ever stay :
 Do thy duty, tide what may !

All the trials that surround thee
 Are but stones to mark thy way :
 Nought will baffle or confound thee
 Canst thou love and bravely say :
 Do thy duty, tide what may !

A. J. Ellis.

394.

OPEN thine eyes, my soul, and see
 Once more the light returns to thee ;
 Look round about, and choose the way
 Thou mean'st to travel o'er to-day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding feet ;
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the helps thy God bestows,
And cast to steer thy life by those ;
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel
When thou didst well, and do so still.

John Austin.

395.

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim ;
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still ;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriot Winslow.

WE mourn for those who toil,—
 The slave who ploughs the main,
 Or him who hopeless tills the soil
 Beneath the stripe and chain ;
 For those who, in the race,
 O'erwearied and unblest,
 A host of restless phantoms chase ;—
 Why mourn for those who rest ?

We mourn for those who sin,—
 Bound in the tempter's snare,
 Whom syren pleasure beckons in
 To prisons of despair ;
 Whose hearts, by passions torn,
 Are wrecked on folly's shore ;—
 But why in sorrow should we mourn
 For those who sin no more ?

We mourn for those who weep,—
 Whom stern afflictions bend
 With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
 Of lover or of friend :
 But they to whom the sway
 Of pain and grief is o'er,
 Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
 Oh mourn for them no more !

Sigourney.

397.

FROM the eternal shadow rounding,
 All unsure and starlight here,
 Voices of our lost ones sounding,
 Bid us be of heart and cheer,
 Through the silence, down the spaces,
 Falling on the inward ear.

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
 Which have fallen in the way,
 Let us do the work before us
 Calmly, bravely, while we may,
 Ere the long night-silence cometh,
 And with us it is not day.

Whittier.

398.

WHAT though the radiance of our childhood bright
 Be now for ever taken from our sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass—of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Wordsworth.

399.

AS we, when ore in fire is tried,
 And by that torment purified,
 Do not deplore the loss ;
 So when thou dost our souls refine
 That they thereby may purer shine,
 Shall we grieve for the dross ?

Habington.

400.

LET me count my treasures,
 All my soul holds dear :
 Given me by dark spirits
 Whom I used to fear.
 Through long days of anguish
 And sad nights, did Pain
 Forge my shield—Endurance—
 Bright and free from stain.
 Doubt, in misty caverns
 Mid dark horrors sought,
 Till my peerless jewel—
 Faith—to me she brought.
 Sorrow, that I wearied
 Should remain so long,
 Wreathed my starry glory—
 The bright crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower—
Patience—on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child—Pity—
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past :
And I thank the givers
Whom I know at last !

Adelaide Procter.

401.

LORD, we have wandered forth through doubt
and sorrow,

And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depth a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have her
will,

Or we despair, oh may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

SAINT AUGUSTINE has truly said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.
All common things—each day's events
That with the hour begin and end ;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend :
The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverance for the dreams of youth.
We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Longfellow.

403.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam ;
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
 So may I, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 Hold on my course to thee.
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings.

Thomas Moore.

404.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 Exhausted in life's race.
 For thee my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine ;
 Oh when shall I know all thy love,
 Thou Majesty divine !

From Tate and Brady.

405.

PRAYER against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth.

Milton.

406.

WHAT was Prayer? A slave's entreaty
Whimpered to the throne of grace,
Abject cries for mercy! pity!
Groaned to God's averted face.

What was Prayer? Intensest longing
Selfish ends on earth to gain,
Hands divine with bribery wronging,
Daring love with hate to stain.

What was Prayer? All laws contemning
That the world of worlds enthrall,
Rule divine like man's condemning,
Atoms raising o'er the All.

What was Prayer? A wounded spirit
Wailing wearily to God,
Urging, for another's merit,
Respite from a threatened rod.

What was Prayer? A cry of anguish
From a struggling sinking soul,
Doomed in dark despair to languish
For a god to make him whole.

What was Prayer? Enthusiasm,
By the fervour of its thought
Bridging o'er the frightful chasm
Heavenward from a world of naught.

What is Prayer—for us? Attraction
Of our inmost heart to God,
Love, Hope, Resolution, Action,
Life in heaven this side the sod.

A. J. Ellis.

407.

TIME'S gradual touch
Has "mouldered into beauty may a tower
Which when it frowned with all its battlements
Was only terrible." So creeds that once
Shook monarchs on their throne, crumble to form
Our children's games. The Beautiful and True
Live through all Ages, while the False dies out.

H. K. Moore.

408.

GO ye and learn what that saying meaneth,
'I will have mercy and not sacrifice.'

Your Father knoweth what things ye have
need of before ye ask him.

I say not unto you that I will pray the Father
for you, for the Father himself loveth you!

Matt. ix., vi. ; John xvi.

409.

BE to the best thou knowest ever true,
Is all the creed.

Then, be thy talisman of rosy hue,
Or fenced with thorns that wearing thou must
bleed,

Or gentle pledge of love's prophetic view,
Thy faithful steps it will securely lead.

Margaret Fuller.

410.

WHAT is Religion ? 'Tis man seeking God ;
Enquiring, climbing towards his bright abode ;
Striving to know, to do, to bear his will,
Growing for ever nearer, nearer still.

By thousand paths we climb that mount of rest ;
Is there not one of all these ways the best ?
Yes ; that is best for each aspiring soul,
Which leads it surest towards the heavenly goal.

There is no one broad way for all to go,
Where none can wander, and which all may know,
Then heed not thou where other mortals tread,
But let thy gaze be toward the mountain head.

Fix eye and heart where clear that towering height
Alone stands bathed in heaven's refulgent light :
Then climb and climb for ever towards the day,
And fear not thou shalt miss the one true way.

411.

Is there no compass then by which to steer
 This wandering sphere?
 No tie that may indissolubly bind
 To God mankind?
 No law that may defy Time's sharpest tooth?
 No fixed, immutable, unerring truth?
 There is, there is! one primitive and sure:—
 Religion pure,
 Unchanged in spirit though its forms and codes
 Wear myriad modes,
 Contains all creeds within its mighty span,—
 The Love of God displayed in Love of Man.

Horace Smith.

412.

BEHOLD the way to God! the Ascetic cries,
 Fasting and prayer, a life of moans and sighs!
 The world is dross, and all the world contains!
 Heaven's crown is won alone by earthly pains!
 Behold the way to God! Religion cries,
 Who dares to doubt, for ever tortured lies!
 Pray to the Lord and he will give you faith,
 By scorn of life to triumph over death.
 Behold the way to God! Man's heart replies,
 Hate is your hell, and love your paradise.
 Leave dreams to dreamers; do the best you can;
 The way to God is through the heart of Man!

A. J. Ellis.

413.

NOW to heaven our cry ascending,

God speed the right !

In a noble cause contending,

God speed the right,

Be their zeal in heaven recorded,

All their loving toil rewarded,

And success on earth accorded,

God speed the right !

Be that cry again repeated,

God speed the right !

Ne'er despairing though defeated,

God speed the right !

Like the good and great in story,

Be their lot on earth but lowly,

If they fail, they fail with glory,

God speed the right !

Patient, firm, and persevering,

God speed the right !

No event nor danger fearing,

God speed the right !

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,

Never from the truth receding,

And in heaven's own time succeeding,

God speed the right !

Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right !
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right !
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
Proudly let us then obey it,
God speed the right !

W. E. Hickson.

414.

THIS world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he who walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Feels something here of heaven.

He that the faithful course hath run,
Who hath his foes forgiven,
Hath measured out this life's short span
In love to God, and love to Man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

415.

IF I find God's truth and follow—

What my guerdon here?

“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to it—

What reward at last?

“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Trials passed.”

Finding, following, holding, struggling,—

Will they surely bless?

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, “Yes.”

Stephen. (alt.)

416.

THE way to Virtue's long; but pluck up heart,
Gird up thy loins, O man, the race to run!

“My strength is but a man's:

“Beyond man's strength the goal:

“The fear exceeding great,

“My power to brave it, small:

“What use to totter on

“A step or two, and fall?”

Thou knowest nought, O man! Run thou thy race.
And in the running find both strength and joy.

After Confucius. H. K. M.

417.

FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
 No dangers made them pause ;
 They counted all the world but loss
 For their great master's cause.

Through looks of fire and words of scorn
 Serene their path they trod ;
 And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
 Sang praises unto God.

Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
 Love changed to cruel hate,
 And home to them was home no more,
 Yet mourned they not their fate.

In all his dark and dread array
 Death rose upon their sight ;
 But calmly still they kept their way,
 And shrank not from the fight.

Like them all danger let us brave,
 What we deem right pursue ;
 And e'en the gentle chains of love
 Shake off, to seek the True !

Gaskell. (The last stanza added.)

418.

To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakspeare.

PURER yet, and purer
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet, and dearer
 Every duty find ;
 Hoping still and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear.

Calmer yet, and calmer,
 Trial bear and pain,
 Surer yet, and surer,
 Peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To his will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart, and will, and mind.

Higher yet, and higher,
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet, and nearer,
 Rising to the light—
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

Quicker yet, and quicker,
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet, and firmer,
Step as I progress ;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

420.

LIKE as a star—
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Let each be fulfilling
His God-given hest.

Goethe.

421.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts not
breath ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs, He
most lives
Who thinks most ; feels the noblest ; acts the
best.

Bailey.

422.

ALL things good for good unite,
 Evil things not long are single ;
 'Tis the dark hours bring the light,
 Sightless atoms fashion sight,
 Discords still for concord mingle.
 To the wise and to the brave,
 Living is as fair as loving ;
 Death brings flowers, on every grave
 Moonlight sleeps, and willows wave,
 Lifelike, while warm winds are moving.
Call.

423.

THIS is he men miscall Fate,
 Threading dark ways, arriving late,
 But ever coming in time to crown
 The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
 He is the oldest and best known,
 More near than aught thou call'st thy own,
 Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
 Disconcerts with glad surprise.
 This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
 Floods with blessings unawares.
 Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
 Severing rightly his from thine,
 Which is human, which divine.

Emerson : Prelude to Essay on Worship.

PLANETS circling every one
 Round an onward darting sun ;
 Motion 'midst th' eternal stars ;
 Order still that never jars ;
 Motion, where upon the earth
 Every death brings forth a birth ;
 Motion, where within our thought
 Every Now from Then is wrought ;
 One perpetual restless ocean,
 Motion, order ; order, motion :—
 Such is the world that God to man reveals,
 By every mind that thinks and heart that feels.

Life, religion, know no rest !
 Stagnant thought breeds active pest !
 What we alter not with will,
 Alters by itself for ill.
 Ever planning and designing,
 Working still, and still refining,
 Making for the ideal goal,
 Felt, not seen, within the soul,
 Holding all God's sons as brothers,
 Self alone as one of others :
 Such is the task that God to man reveals,
 In every mind that thinks and heart that feels.

A. J. Ellis.

425.

WHEN thou dost purpose aught within thy power,
 Be sure to do it, though it be but small.
 Constancy knits the bones and makes us tower
 When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
 Who breaks his own bond forfeiteth himself ;
 Where nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.
 Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
 And in the morning what thou hast to do.
 Dress and undress thy soul. Mark the decay
 And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

George Herbert.

426.

HOW short is Human Life ; swift gliding on
 It glimmers like a meteor and is gone !
 Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
 Prompting to noblest deeds ; here links of gold
 Bind soul to soul ; and thoughts divine inspire
 A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire
 That will not, cannot (but with life) expire !

Rogers.

427.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
 Or clouds that roll successive on,
 Man's busy generations pass ;
 And while we gaze their forms are gone.

Oh Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
How precious is thy boon of life,
How swift the pregnant moments fly !
Crowd we the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
Then death shall only lead us on
To nobler service that succeeds.

John Taylor : alt.

428.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its fatal hour.
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.
Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
However small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Wincks.

429.

CANST thou by searching find out God,
 The Almighty to perfection trace ?
 And pierce the clouds when darkness shrouds
 The brightness of the Eternal's face.

Go count the stars and call their names,
 Sweep with the comet through the sky ;
 Fix thy bold gaze on the sun's blaze,
 With an undazzled, tearless eye ;

Go sleep upon the thunder cloud,
 Grasp the forked lightning in thy hand ;
 Or search and find whence comes the wind,
 And trace its path o'er sea and land.

Should thy mind shrink from such attempts,
 View the least work of Deity ;
 The blades of grass thy skill surpass,
 And thou art baffled by a fly !

No, every work of nature's full
 Of mysteries we can never scan :
 Go thou—adore the Unsearchable,
 Thou greatest of his mysteries— Man !

From Job xi.

430.

Above all praise and all majesty, Lord, thou
 reignest evermore.

Psalm xciii.

431.

LIKE one pale flitting lonely gleam
 Of sunshine on a winter's day,
 There came a thought upon my dream,
 I know not whence, but fondly deem
 It came from far away.

Those sweet, sweet snatches of delight
 That visit our bedarkened clay
 Like passage birds, with hasty flight,—
 It cannot be they perish quite,
 Although they pass away.

They come, and go, and come again ;
 They're ours whatever time they stay ;
 Think not, my heart, they come in vain,
 If one brief while they soothe thy pain
 Before they pass away.

Hartley Coleridge.

432.

THE eyes close, and the inward kingdom re-
 vealeth God. There in ineffable beauty he
 shineth, the Life of life. The soul quickened by
 mysterious animation worshippeth him and en-
 tereth into joyful communion with him.

The eyes open, and all objects in nature re-
 veal the resplendent spirit and breathe his
 presence.

East, west, north, and south, he filleth all space,

Keshub Chunder Sen.

WITHOUT haste and without rest :—
 Bind the motto to thy breast,
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom
 Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
 Mar for e'er the spirit's speed ;
 Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might ;
 Haste not—years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done !

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
 Do and dare before you die ;
 Something worthy and sublime,
 Leave behind to conquer time :
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
 When these forms have pass'd away.

Haste not—rest not—calmly wait ;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
 Duty be thy polar guide,
 Do the right whate'er betide :
 Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last !

434.

HAPPY they who are not weary
 Of this life's perpetual round,
 Who at each fresh task and duty
 Feel their powers in gladness bound ;
 Who are bent on winning knowledge,
 Bent on living true and high,
 And on some good work achieving
 Amongst men, before they die.

Noble thought becoming freer,
 Uttered whole in word and deed,
 Bigotry and thralldom dying,
 Of the state, and of the creed ;
 Till of man a nobler pattern
 Sun and earth at length behold,
 Broader-minded, broader-hearted,
 Tender, manly, reverent, bold.

Chignell.

435.

HEAVEN is silent—
 Heaven speaks aye !
 O brother man ! In action if thou strive
 By noble deeds to utter forth thy life,
 Better, like heaven silent, canst thou teach
 Than poet e'er can sing or prophet preach.

After Confucius. H.K.M.

436.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need—
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

Keble.

437.

THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace his love ;
And meekly wait the moment when
His touch shall make all bright again.

The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of his wondrous name.

Thomas Moore.

438.

WE feel that we and all men move
 Under a canopy of love
 As broad as the blue sky above ;
 That weary deserts we may tread.
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,
 Through dark ways underground be led ;
 Yet, if we will one guide obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,
 Shall issue out in heavenly day.

Whate'er befall, 'tis true that love,
 Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
 And that in it we live and move ;
 Despite of all that seems at strife
 With blessing, all with curses rife,
 This faith is blessing, this is life !

Trench.

439.

CAST thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt
 find it after many days.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the
 evening hold not thine hand : for thou knowest
 not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or
 whether they shall be alike good.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee ! Bind
 them about thy neck, write them on the tables of
 thy heart !

Eccles. xi. ; Prov. iii.

440.

To Light, that shines in stars and souls ;
 To Law, that rounds the world with calm ;
 To Love, whose equal triumph rolls
 Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm ;
 These walls are wed with unseen bands,
 In holier shrines not built with hands.

May purer sacrament be here
 Than ever dwelt in rite or creed ;
 Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
 To serve the time's all-pressing need ;
 And rear, its heaving seas above,
 Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led ;
 Here living streams in fulness flow ;
 And every hungering soul be fed,
 That yearns the eternal will to know ;
 And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears
 For harvests in serener years.

S. Johnson.

441.

To the First Principle, without beginning and
 without end. He has made all, he governs all.
 He is infinitely good, infinitely just. He en-
 lightens, he sustains, he regulates all nature.

Inscription on Chinese Temples.

442.

THE truths thy sires to thee have handed down
 By thine own labour make thine own again ;
 What we employ not but impedes our way.
 What it brings forth, alone the hour can use.

Goethe.

443.

WE love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God ;
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.
 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.
 And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
 Their doubts and aid their strife.
 Then faith, and peace, and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.
 They live with God, their homes are dust ;
 But here their children pray,
 And in this fleeting lifetime trust
 To find the narrow way.

Emerson.

444.

ONE holy Church of God appears
 Through every age and race,
 Unwasted by the lapse of years,
 Unchanged by changing place.
 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
 Beneath the pine or palm,
 One unseen presence she adores,
 With silence or with psalm.
 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
 To serve the world raised up :
 The pure in heart, her baptised ones ;
 Love, her communion cup.
 The truth is her prophetic gift,
 The soul her sacred page ;
 And feet on mercy's errand swift
 Do make her pilgrimage.
 O living church ! thine errand speed,
 Fulfil thy task sublime ;
 With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
 Redeem the evil time !

Samuel Longfellow.

445.

THE place of worship is not bound
 By arched roofs and stone-built walls,
 Where prayers are said in endless round,
 As custom leads, or church-bell calls.

Where solemn forms the truth encrust,
The real hides beneath pretence ;
And ages of tradition's dust,
Still blind and choke the moral sense.

In flowery fields with bees and birds
The heart may leap, and join their hymn ;
Worship is not confined to words
In gloomy cells and cloisters dim.

'Tis where the hand with nature vies,
And, ever working, blessing brings ;
'Tis where the mind with reverence tries
To find the mysteries of things.

The joyful heart is highest praise ;
Work, thought, and love, the loftiest prayer ;
Where these are found, all times and days,
The noblest place of worship's there.

Burrington.

446.

As body when the soul has fled
As barren trees decayed and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless lifeless thing
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

Drummond.

447.

THY happy ones a strain begin :

Dost thou not, Lord, glad souls possess ?

Thy cheerful spirit dwells within,

We feel thee in our joyfulness.

Our mirth is not afraid of thee,

Our life rejoices to be bright ;

We would not from our gladness flee,

But give full welcome to delight.

We turn to thee a smiling face,

Thou sendest us the smile again :

Our joy, the richness of thy grace ;

Thine own the cheer of this glad strain.

448.

THIS our life, exempt from public haunt,

Findstongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakspeare.

449.

SING praises unto the Lord, fulfil his law,
and give thanks unto him for a remembrance
of his holiness. For his yoke is heavy to them
that do evil ; but in his service is life. Heaviness
may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the
morning. Therefore shall every good man sing
of thy praise without ceasing. O my God, I
will give thanks unto thee for ever.

Psaln xxx.

450.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began ;
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran
 The diapason closing full in man.

Dryden.

451.

MUSIC, divine, religious, o'er us roll !
 Awake the longings of our inmost soul—
 Longings that up to heaven itself would climb,
 Extend beyond all space, outrun all time !
 Thou only hast the power, denied to speech,
 The vague, intense, ineffable, to reach !
 Rise ever higher, wider swell, more wide,
 Till borne aloft on thy resistless tide
 We feel as though the harmony of heaven
 Were part of us ! Then, that high vision given,
 Oh wake it not ! but sweetly, gently cease ;
 And leave our heart with God and Man at peace !

H. K. Moore.

452.

As the grand harmony which sense admires,
 Of discords, yet according, is compounded—
 So each most diverse creature still aspires
 Unto that Unity, which all things founded.

Lord Brooke. (alt.)

453.

I SAW on earth another light
 Than that which lit my eye
 Come forth, as from my soul within,
 And from a higher sky.

Its beams still shone unclouded on,
 When in the distant west
 The sun I once had known had sunk
 For ever to his rest.

And on I walked,—though dark the night,
 Nor rose his orb by day,—
 As one to whom a surer guide
 Was pointing out the way.

'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,
 It shone from God within ;
 And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
 The world's dark track of sin.

Jones Very.

454.

O LORD, thy counsels of old are faithfulness
 and truth : thou hast been a strength to the poor,
 a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge
 from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose
 mind is stayed on thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever : for in him is
 everlasting strength.

Isaiah xxv, xxvi.

455.

OH sometimes glimpses on my sight
Through present wrong the eternal right ;
And step by step since time began,
I see the steady gain of man :

That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad ;
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold ;
Slaves rise up men, the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle-graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

Whittier.

456.

DARE to be true. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

George Herbert.

457.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
 Shall be my lot,
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain,
 Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee,
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine,
 And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

Alford.

458.

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he never will suffer the righteous to fall; he is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon thee.

Ps. lv, cviii, xxv.

459.

SLOWLY by God's hand unfurled,
 Down around the weary world
 Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
 Is the working of his will !

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
 Work in me as silently ;
 Veil the day's distracting sights,
 Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
 In the boundless realms of thought ;
 High and infinite desires,
 Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
 Let them break upon my sight ;
 Let them shine serene and still,
 And with light my being fill !

W. H. Furness.

460.

WE look into the heart of flowers
 And wonder whence their bloom can rise ;
 The secret hope of human hours
 Is hidden deeper from our eyes.
 In helpless tracts of wind and rain
 The work goes on without a sound ;
 And while you sigh your weak " In vain,"
 The flower is growing underground.

Miss Smedley.

461.

O SHADOW in a sultry land !
 We gather to thy breast,
 Whose love, enfolding us like night,
 Brings quietude and rest ;
 Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
 In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
 From drifting to and fro,
 From tossing on life's restless deep,
 Amid its ebb and flow ;
 The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the glare of day has lost
 The twilight vigil brings ;—
 The breezes from celestial hills,
 The draughts from deeper springs,
 The sense of an immortal trust,
 The touch of angel wings.

462.

OH come every one that thirsteth, come to the
 waters, come unto him ! Oh hear, and your souls
 shall live for ever !

Isaiah lv.

463.

BLEST tear of soul-felt penitence,
 In whose benign redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know

Thomas Moore.

464.

THERE is in every human heart
 Some not completely barren part,
 Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
 And flowers of generous virtue blow ;
 To plant, to watch, to water there,
 This be our duty, this our care.

And sweet it is the growth to trace
 Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
 In bosoms where our labours first
 Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
 And lead it on from hour to hour
 To ripen into perfect flower.

The heart of man's a soil which breeds
 Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds ;
 Flowers, lovely as the morning's light :
 Weeds, deadly as the aconite ;
 Just as his heart is trained to bear
 The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.

Bowring.

465.

EVER find I joy in reading,
 In the ancient holy book,
 Of the gentle teacher's pleading,
 Truth in every word and look.

How when children came he blessed them,
 Suffered no man to reprove,
 Took them in his arms and pressed them
 To his heart with words of love.

How to all the sick and tearful
 Help was ever gladly shown ;
 How he sought the poor and fearful,
 Called them brothers and his own.

How no contrite soul e'er sought him
 And was bidden to depart ;
 How with gentle words he taught him,
 Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,
 And my joy is ever new,—
 How he lived so pure and holy,
 How he loved so firm and true.

Luisa Hensel (tr. Cath. Winkworth.)

466.

THE expression of truth is simplicity.

Seneca.

467.

REMEMBER always that thou soon mayst fall,—
 And thou shalt walk sure-footed and unharmed :
 Remember always that thy nature's weak,—
 And thou shalt have a judgment ever true :
 Remember always that thou art a man—
 And thou shalt find true grandeur in thy soul.

After Confucius. H.K.M.

468.

OH if thy brow, serene and calm,
 From earthly stain is free,
 View not with scorn the erring one,
 Who once was pure like thee !

Oh if the smiles of love are thine,
 Its' joyous ecstasy,
 Shun not the poor forsaken one
 Who once was loved like thee.

God knows the secret lure which led
 Those youthful steps astray ;
 He knows that they who holiest are
 Might fall from him away.

Then, with the love of him who said,
 " Go thou, and sin no more,"
 Save, save the sinner from despair,
 And peace and hope restore.

469.

THERE'S a strife we all must wage,
 From life's entrance to its close ;
 Blest the bold who dare engage,
 Woe for him who seeks repose.

Honoured they who firmly stand,
 While the conflict presses round ;
 God's own banner in their hand,
 In his service faithful found.

What our foes ? Each thought impure ;
 Passions fierce that tear the soul ;
 Every ill that we can cure ;
 Every crime we can control ;—

Every suffering which our hand
 Can with soothing care assuage ;
 Every evil of our land ;
 Every error of our age.

Bulfinch.

470.

BE not deceived, for whatsoever a man soweth,
 that shall he reap.

And let us not be weary in well-doing : for in
 due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Paul. (Gal. vi.)

471.

LIKE circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on for ever :
 Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And love toward men lead on the nobler race !

472.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
 Girded wayfarers of the waste,
 We press along the narrow road
 That leads to life, to truth, to God.
 We fling aside the weight, the sin,
 Resolved the victory to win ;
 We know the peril, but our eyes
 Rest on the grandeur of the prize.
 No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
 Our hands from earnest toil to keep ;
 No shrinking from the desperate fight,
 No thought of yielding or of flight ;
 No love of present gain or ease,
 No seeking man or self to please ;
 With the brave heart and steady eye,
 We onward march to victory.

Bonar.

473.

NOBLE the mountain stream
 Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground ;
 Glory is in its gleam
 Of brightness ; thunder in its deafening sound !

As with a summer shower
 Steeping the rocks around—Oh tell me where
 Could majesty and power
 Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair ?

Yet sweeter to the view
 The streamlet flowing silently serene,
 Traced by the brighter hue
 And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen.

May not its course express,
 In characters which they who run may read,
 The charms of gentleness—
 Were but its still small voice allowed to plead ?

What are the trophies gained
 By power alone, with all its noise and strife,
 To that meek wreath unstained,
 Won by the charities that gladden life !

Barton.

474.

THE primal duties shine aloft like stars ;
 The charities that soothe and heal and bless,
 Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Wordsworth.

475.

COME, kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love !
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
 Extend thy healing reign ;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
 That never pains again.

Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;
 And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.

Johns.

476.

THE tongue of the just is as choice silver, the
 heart of the wicked is little worth.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous
 words stir up anger.

The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and
 addeth learning to his lips. Pleasant words are
 as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health
 to the bones.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live
 peaceably with all men.

Prov. x, xv. xvi. ; Paul (Rom. xii.)

477.

BE true to every inmost thought ;
 Be as thy thought, thy speech ;
 What thou hast not by suffering bought,
 Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
 Who creeps to age from youth,
 Failing to grasp his life's intent,
 Because he fears the truth.

Show forth thy light ! If conscience gleam,
 Cherish the rising glow :
 The smallest spark may shed its beam
 O'er thousand hearts below.

Guard thou the fact ! Though clouds of night
 Down on thy watch-tower stoop ;
 Though thou should'st see thine heart's delight
 Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind ! Though safer seem
 In shelter to abide ;
 We were not made to sit and dream ;
 The true must first be tried.

Alford.

478.

WE never, never, will bow down
 To the rude stock or sculptured stone ;
 We worship God, and God alone.

479.

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed ;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed ;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

Bonar.

480.

GO mark the rill, the new-born,
 Trickling from mossy bed ;
 The heath-clad hill just streaking
 With a bright emerald thread.
 Canst thou her course foreshadow,—
 What rocks o'erleap or rend,
 How far in swell of ocean
 Her freshening billows send ?
 E'en so a truth e'er springeth
 In silence, where it will,
 Springs out of sight, and floweth
 At first a lonely rill.
 But by and by streams meet it,
 From sympathetic hearts,
 Thousands together swelling
 Their chant of many parts.

From Keble.

481.

MIGHTY God! the first, the last!

What are ages, in thy sight,
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

In thine all-embracing sight
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

Gaskell.

482.

O GOD! to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.
How oft, when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill that they had planned
Hath changed to real good.

Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe;
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

Yates.

483.

I CANNOT plainly see the way,
 So dark the grave is ; but I know
 If I do truly work my day
 Some good will brighten out of woe.
 For the same hand that doth unbind
 The winter winds, sends sweetest showers,
 And the poor rustic laughs to find
 His April meadows full of flowers.
 I said I could not see the way,
 And yet what need is there to see,
 More than to do what good I may,
 And trust the Great Strength over me ?
 Why should I vainly seek to solve
 Free-will, necessity, the pall ?
 I feel, I know that God is love,
 And knowing this I know it all.

Alice Carey.

484.

IT fortifies my soul to know
 That though I perish Truth is so ;
 That howsoe'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.
 I steadier step when I recall
 That if I slip thou dost not fall.

Clough.

485.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
 And fain I would ; but though my will
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
 Yet hindrances strew all my way :
 I aim at thee, and from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
 My mind to find her peace in thee ;
 Yet whilst I seek and find thee not,
 No peace my wandering heart shall see.
 Ah ! when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to theeward tend ?

Gerhardt Tersteegen.

Tr. John Wesley.

486.

THE God of faith is the sublime I AM.

Faith adoreth the ever-living ever-present
 Reality : in time always NOW, in space always
 HERE.

Keshub Chunder Sen.

ABOVE, below, where'er I gaze,
 Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
 Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
 Or glistening in the morning dew ;
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair
 Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind
 That turns the ocean wave to foam ;
 Nor less thy wondrous power I find
 When summer airs around me roam ;
 The tempest and the calm declare
 Thyself, for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the depth of night,
 I read thy name in every star !
 And when the radiant orb of light
 With gold hath tipped the hills afar,
 That ray of glory, bright and fair,
 Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,
 The twilight eve, the dewy morn ;
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright
 Thine hands have fashioned to adorn ;
 Thy glory walks in every sphere,
 And all things whisper—God is here !

488.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear :
Reform ! Be just, and sin no more !
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :
Love God ! Thy neighbour love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth ; I hear with awe :
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty !

S. Johnson.

489.

Do unto another what you would he should
do unto you ; and do not unto another what you
would not should be done unto you. Thou only
needest this law alone ; it is the foundation and
principle of all the rest.

Confucius.

490.

OH never murmur nor repine,
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine,
 Preserve the dignity of man
 With soul erect ;
 And trust, the universal plan
 Will all protect.

Burns.

491.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
 High work have we to do,—
 In noble deeds to follow him
 Whose lot was lowly too.

Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
 And loving deeds, may be
 A stream that still the nobler grows
 The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
 However tried and pressed,
 In God's clear sight high work we do,
 If we but do our best.

Thus we may make the lowliest lot
 With rays of glory bright ;
 Thus we may turn a crown of thorns,
 Into a crown of light !

Gaskell.

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,
 Unbound by creeds we love to keep ;
 All Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep.
 The bravely dumb that did their deed
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain heroic breed
 That loved heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
 But thread to-day the unheeding street,
 And stairs to sin and famine known
 Sing with the welcome of their feet ;
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,
 Their cup of water warms like wine,
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their lowly brow appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes by them made bright,
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of a further shore.

Lowell.

493.

HAPPY the man whose steadfast heart
 From plighted word can never swerve,
 No bribe will tempt him from his part,
 No fear of sacrifice unnerve.

Oh may we feel, thus closely hedged
 Within the limits of our world,
 The word of each to all is pledged,
 The hope of each in all enfurled !

My soul would at the Highest grasp,
 Would seize alike upon the Low,
 And to my bosom would I clasp
 All human weal, all human woe,

My nature widening would embrace
 Within itself that shared by all :
 In life their joys and sorrows trace,
 In death, to raise the future, fall.

Suggested by Goethe.

494.

THOU knowest not what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent :
 All are needed by each one ;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

Emerson.

495.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled ;
So live that, sinking in thy long last sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.

Sir W. Jones : from the Persian.

496.

O THOU soul which art at rest,
Return to thy Lord ; pleased, and pleasing him :
Enter thou among my servants,
And enter thou my Paradise !
There in my garden,
Amid its glad clusters,
Enjoy thou the fruit of that thou hast planted
In the days for ever past !

Mahomet.

497.

THINKS'T thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains ? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst deeds fleshly tyrants can commit.

Byron.

498.

So should we live that every hour
 May die as dies the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power ;
 That every thought and every deed
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future need ;
 Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
 Is to develop, not destroy,
 Far better than a barren joy.

Houghton.

499.

NOBLE the glorious martyr giving blood,
 And even life itself, for human good ;
 Noble the thinker, too, whose busy brain
 Enhances pleasure or alleviates pain ;
 Noble the generous man whose hard-won wealth
 Gives poor men knowledge, or restores them
 health.

Thou worker for thy daily bread !—No saint,
 No poet, and no rich man ! Dost thou faint
 In thy life-struggle upwards ? must thou wait
 And serve thy life-long in a lowly state,
 While tasks like those seem nobler to thee far ?
 “Deeper than what we do, is what we are.”

H. K. Moore.

500.

IT is not growing like a tree,
 In bulk, doth make men better be ;
 Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere.

A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May ;
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be,

Ben Johnson.

501.

THE heart it hath its own estate,
 The mind it hath its wealth untold ;
 It needs not fortune to be great,
 While there's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
 Wealth makes not happiness secure ;
 A little mind hath little means,
 A narrow heart is always poor.

'Tis not the house that honour makes,
 True honour is a thing divine ;
 It is the mind precedence takes,
 It is the spirit makes the shrine.

Swain.

502.

THERE is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all :
And where it cometh all things are,
And it cometh everywhere.

Emerson.

503.

PRIDE,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness : and he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of Nature's works : one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O be wiser thou !
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love—
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who in the silent hour of inward thought
Can still suspect and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart.

Wordsworth.

504.

O MAN, search out and purify thy thought !
For if thou thinkest evil be thou sure
Thy acts will bear the shadow of the stain :
But if thy thought be perfect, then thy deed
Will be as of the perfect, true and pure.

After Confucius, H. K. M.

505.

SUPREME and universal Light !
 Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
 Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
 On all above, and all below :

Lord, may we ever strive to be
 What nature and thy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from thy breathing spirit came !

Our moral freedom to maintain,
 May passion serve, and reason reign,
 Self-poised and independent still
 Of this world's varying good or ill.

May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
 But with a brother's zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.

Henry Moore.

506.

THOU shall love the Lord thy God with all
 thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all
 thy strength, and with all thy mind ; and thy
 neighbour as thyself.

This do and thou shalt live.

Luke x.

507.

COME, ever-smiling liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund train :
 For thee we pant, and sigh for thee
 With whom eternal pleasures reign.

508.

GOD bless our native land :
 May thy protecting hand
 Still guard our shore !
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more !
 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle !
 Home of the brave and free,
 Thou land of liberty,
 May heaven ne'er cease on thee
 With love to smile !
 Not on this land alone,
 But be God's mercies known
 From shore to shore !
 And may the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er !

Hickson.

ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind :
All before us is the day ;
Night and darkness are behind.

Not where long past ages sleep
Seek we Eden's golden trees ;
In the future folded deep
Are its mystic harmonies.

Eden with its angels bold,
Trees and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
That a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The true Eden, shall we find.

It is coming, it shall come
To the patient and the striving ;
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise, and faithful living,

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound ;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.

Emerson.

510.

Set free from my bonds, I have broken away
 From the chambers of night to the splendors of day;
 All the phantoms that darkened around me are
 gone,

And a spirit of light is now leading me on.

Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new drest,
 Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings spring forth
 in my breast,

Happy voices are floating in music above,
 All creation is full of the glory of love.

God of truth! it is thou who hast shed down
 each ray

Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my way;
 From the depths of my spirit, I offer to thee
 The devotion that swells in the heart of the free.

Gaskell. (alt.)

511.

Let us trust in him whose mercy is ever chanted
 forth, in language true and sweet, by the sun and
 moon and stars, and by every beautiful thing in
 this world.

How sweet is Our Father's love! come unto
 him, my brothers and sisters, and let us in our
 hearts and with our lips praise him who made
 the nations and the earth.

Keshub Chunder Sen.

512.

THERE'S not a bird, with lonely nest
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share
O God, in thy paternal care.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude ;
And thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its laden wing ;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

Baptist W. Noel.

513.

THOU pure and perfect God ! Thine is earth's
beauty and its joy. In thee all natures blend
in sweet accord. In mines gleam gems : the
world its green robe weareth. Deep within me
shall harmony be found, singing with revolving
spheres, to the fairest and the best.

Dschami.

HONOUR to him who freely gives,
 As Heav'n has blessed his store ;
 Who shares the gifts that he receives
 With those who need them more ;
 Whose melting heart of pity moves
 O'er sorrow and distress ;
 Of all his friends who mostly loves
 The poor and fatherless.

Honour to him who shuns to do
 An action mean or low ;
 Who will a nobler course pursue
 To stranger, friend or foe ;
 Who seeks for justice more than gain,
 Is merciful and kind ;
 Who will not cause a needless pain
 In body or in mind.

Honour to him who scorns to be
 To name or sect a slave ;
 Whose soul is like the sunshine, free,
 Free as the ocean wave ;
 Who, when he sees oppression, wrong,
 Speaks out in thunder-tones ;
 Who feels that he with truth is strong,
 To grapple e'en with thrones.

FAIR blossoms of the fruitful tree,

Why do you fall so fast ?

Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here awhile

To blush and gently smile

And go at last.

What ! were you born to be

An hour or half's delight,

And so to bid good night ?

'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth

Merely to show your worth

And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we

May read how soon things have

Their end, though ne'er so brave ;

And after they have shewn their pride.

Like you awhile, they glide

Into the grave.

Yet short lived though ye be,

To your fair withered leaves

Death still new fragrance gives ;

So do good souls Time's hand defy,

And though their beauty die

Their virtue lives.

Herrick. Last stanza added.

516.

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.

Would we ask why ?

It is because all noblest things are born

In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe

God's sons may lie ;

Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know

Its Calvary.

God never sends a joy not meant in love,

Still less a pain ;

Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove,

Our faith the rain.

And neither life, nor death, nor things below,

Nor things above,

Shall ever sever us that we should go

From his great love.

Frances Power Cobbe.

517.

I WILL wash my hands in innocence, O Lord,
and so will I come before thee ; for thy loving-
kindness is ever before mine eyes : and I will
walk in the truth, that I may show the voice of
thanksgiving and tell of all thy wondrous love.

Psalm xxvi.

518.

I SCARCE dare say I love thee, Lord,
 Because I know that every day
 Some heedless act, or thoughtless word,
 Would contradict the thing I say.

And love that is in words expressed
 Too often proves less deep and true
 Than that which moves the loving breast
 To do what thou wouldst have it do.

Ah ! I would gladly be like those
 Who dedicate their lives to thee ;
 Whose love no dubious token shows
 Of its heartfelt sincerity.

Sweet peace makers, whose gentle hands
 Can disentangle household love
 From envy's irritating bands
 That gall it like a trammelled dove.

Kind friends who glide about and bear
 Their little flasks of oil and wine,
 To solace every cross and care
 With love less human than divine.

519.

HE that does good without hope of reward
 has already received the highest.

Rückert.

520.

THINK gently of the erring one
 Oh let us not forget,
 However darkly stained by sin
 He is our brother yet.

Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the self- same God ;
 He has but stumbled in the path,
 We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one ;
 We yet may lead him back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned
 And sinful yet may'st be ;
 Deal gently with the erring heart
 As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

521.

A NEW commandment I give unto you, that
 ye love one other ; as I have loved you, that
 ye also love one another.

By this shall all men know that ye are my
 disciples, if ye have love one to another.

John xiii.

522.

LET our theme of praise ascending,
Blent in music's lofty strain,
Soaring through the starry main,
Peal, in echoes never ending !

Faith and hope began to banish
Doubt and soul-appalling fear :
Spreading, shining, still more clear,
Error in their beams will vanish !

Mortals roamed without a guide,
Darkness clouded every nation ;
Not a ray could be descried,
All was gloom and desolation :

Learning dawned, its light arose ;
Thus the truth assailed its foes—
And the earth with one accord
Shall adore and praise the Lord !

523.

THE hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart! let's neither faint nor fear !
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

Bunyan.

524.

THOU unrelenting Past !
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain ;
 And fetters sure and fast
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Thou hast our earlier years ;
 Thou hast our early friends—the good—the kind
 Yielded to thee with tears,
 The venerable form—the exalted mind.

Labours of good to man,
 Unpublished charity, unbroken faith ;
 Love that 'midst grief began,
 Grew green with years, and faltered not in death.

Thine for a space are they
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last !
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolt shall fall—inexorable Past !

All shall come back, each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
 Alone shall evil die,
 And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign !

Bryant.

525.

I AM that which is, that which has been, and
 that which shall be, and no man has lifted my
 veil !

Inscription on the Statue of Isis.

526.

BORN in each heart is impulse strong
 Aloft towards heaven its path to trace,
 E'en as the lark its thrilling song
 Sings till all lost in azure space,
 As eagle soaring sweeps amain
 O'er bleak untrodden pine-clad height,
 As struggling homeward still the crane
 Urges o'er plain and marsh her flight.
 Up then, my soul, and never flag!
 Soaring the marsh of Error past,
 Through clouds of Doubt, o'er Trial's crag,
 Struggle to home in Truth at last!

Suggested by Goethe.

527.

DOTH not wisdom cry, and understanding put
 forth her voice?

Unto you, O men, I call—and my voice is to
 the sons of man!

I love them that love me, and those that seek
 me early shall find me.

Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children;
 for blessed are they that keep my ways: hear,
 instruction and refuse it not!

Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching
 daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my
 doors.

Proverbs viii.

528.

OH where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding ?

Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me : and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof : no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

Whence cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding ; seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living ?

God understandeth the way thereof, he knoweth the place thereof.

The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom : and to depart from evil that is understanding.

Job xxviii.

529.

WHEN shall I praise thee, O Father ; for it is neither possible to comprehend thy hour, nor thy time ? Thou art the Mind that understandeth ; the Father that maketh ; the Good that worketh in all things. By me the truth sings praise to the Truth, the good praiseth the Good.

Hermes Trismegistus.

530.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

So to the heart that in God's love rejoices,
There is a temple peaceful evermore ;
And all the babble of life's angry voices,
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

O Rest of rests ! O Peace that no tongue telleth !
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never ;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth,
Fullness of joy, for ever and for ever.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe (alt.)

531.

LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so
longeth my soul after thee, O God.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul,
and why art thou so disquieted within me ? Oh
put thy trust in God.

Psaln xlii.

532.

WHEN I have passed a nobler life in sorrow ;
 Have seen rude masses grow to fulgent spheres ;
 Seen how To-day is father of To-morrow,
 And how the Ages justify the Years,—
 I praise thee, World.

Call.

533.

WE toil as in a field
 Wherein, to us unknown,
 A treasure lies concealed,
 Which may be all our own.
 And shall we of the toil complain
 That speedily will bring such gain ?
 It is indeed a boon,
 Though strange to us it seems,
 That we must pierce the rock
 To gain the cooling streams :
 For when we are the most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.
 We dig the wells of life,—
 And God the water gives ;
 We win our way by strife,—
 And he within us lives ;
 'Tis only war could make us meet
 For peace so sacred and so sweet.

Lynch.

CHILD of the earth, oh lift thy glance
 To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
 The glories of its realm explore,
 And gaze and wonder and adore !

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light
 That sparkle through the shades of night :
 Behold them !—can a mortal boast
 To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
 In distant splendour meet thy gaze :
 Each is a world, by him sustained
 Who from eternity hath reigned.

What then art thou, O child of clay !
 Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
 E'en as an insect on the breeze,
 E'en as a dewdrop lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not ! The sovereign hand
 Which spread the ocean and the land,
 And hung the rolling spheres in air,
 Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.

Mrs. Hemans.

IN each breeze that wanders free,
 In each flower that gems the sod,
 Living souls may hear and see
 Freshly uttered words from God.

Had we but a searching mind,
 Seeking good where'er it springs,
 We should then true wisdom find
 Hidden in familiar things.

God is present and doth shine
 Through each scene beneath the sky,
 Kindling with a light divine
 Every form that meets the eye.

Worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
 Need we not to prove him here ;
 Daisies, fresh from nature's sleep,
 Tell of him in lines as clear.

If the mind would Nature see
 Let her cherish Virtue more ;
 Goodness bears the golden key
 That unlocks her temple door.

Mrs. Waterston.

536.

MORTALS, that would happy be,
 Love Virtue; she alone is free :
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime ;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Milton.

537.

OH how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
 closes.

But, for their only virtue is their show,
 They live unwooded and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so,—
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

Shakspeare.

FALL, fall ye mighty temples to the ground !
 Not in your sculptured rise
 Is the real exercise
 Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
 'Tis in the gifted line,
 In each far thought divine
 That brings down heaven to light our common
 soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
 'Tis in the generous thought
 Of all that man has wrought,
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

Fall, fall, ye ancient litanies and creeds :
 Not prayers or curses deep
 The power can longer keep,
 That once ye held by filling human needs.

The quickening worship of our God survives
 In every noble grief,
 In every high belief,
 In each resolve and act that light our lives.

539.

GOD is in his holy temple—
 In the pure and holy mind,
 In the reverent heart and simple,
 In the soul from sense refined ;
 Then let every low emotion
 Banished far and silent be,
 And our souls in pure devotion,
 Lord, be temples worthy thee !

540.

YE joyous ones, upon whose brow
 The light of youth is shed,
 O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
 In glowing beauty spread,
 Forget not Him whose love hath poured
 That golden light around,
 And all those opening buds of hope
 With coloured glories crowned.
 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
 May soon be dimmed with tears,
 To whom the hours of bitterness
 Must come in coming years ;
 Teach early thy confiding gaze
 To pierce the cloudy screen,
 To look above the storms of life,
 Eternally serene.

Mrs. Waterston.

541.

THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright
Oh may we ever own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand !

With forests huge of dateless time
Thy power has hung each peak sublime ;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

We feel that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow ;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being ! save by thee ;

That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, thought, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

Sterling.

542.

TRUSTING in God's great love we tread
The narrow path of duty on ;

What though some cherished joys are fled ?

What though some flattering dreams are gone ?

Yet purer nobler joys remain

And peace is won through conquered pain.

Bowring.

543.

COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
 Sweet Charity,—the child of God !
 Hers, on whose kind maternal breast
 The sheltered babes of misery rest :
 Who,—when she sees the sufferer bleed —
 Reckless of name or sect or creed,
 Comes with prompt hand and look benign
 To bathe his wounds in oil and wine :
 Who in her robe the sinner hides,
 And soothes and pities while she chides ;
 Who lends an ear to every cry,
 And asks no plea but misery.
 Her tender mercies freely fall,
 Like heaven's refreshing dew, on all ;
 Encircling in their wide embrace
 Her friends, her foes,—the human race.

W. H. Drummond.

544.

WHO is thy neighbour? He whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless ;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.
 Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim :
 Oh enter thou his humble door
 With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour ? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim ;
With words of high sustaining hope
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb ;
He hath no hope this side the grave :
Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbour ? Pass no mourner by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery ;
Go share thy lot with him.

Peabody.

545.

WHO can be happy and alone, or good ?
We have our fellow-mortals to make happy,
And thus become so in diffusing joy :
What else can joy be, but the spreading joy !

Byron.

546.

OH if the selfish knew how much they lost,—
What would they not endeavour or endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him, who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy !

Rogers.

SEE the rivers flowing
 Downwards to the sea,
 Pouring all their treasures
 Bountiful and free,—
 Yet to help their giving,
 Hidden springs arise,
 Or, if need be, showers
 Feed them from the skies !

Watch the princely flowers
 Their rich fragrance spread,
 Load the air with perfumes
 From their beauty shed,—
 Yet their lavish spending
 Leaves them not in dearth,
 With fresh life replenished
 By their mother earth !

Give thy heart's best treasures,—
 From fair nature learn ;
 Give thy love,— and ask not,
 Wait not, a return ;
 And the more thou spendest
 From thy little store,
 With a double bounty
 God will give thee more.

Adelaide Procter.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself ; is not puffed up ; doth not behave itself unseemly ; seeketh not her own ; is not easily provoked ; thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

549.

I CANNOT find thee ! Still, on restless pinion,
 My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell ;
 I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

Yet, high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendour shineth : there, O God, thou art ;

I cannot lose thee ! Still in thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
 The law that holds the worlds my feet is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

550.

O THOU who towerest above the heights of
 imagination, thought and conjecture. The ban-
 quet is ended ; the congregation is dismissed ;
 and life draws to a close. And we still rest in
 our first praise of Thee.

Saadi.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

ABOVE all praise and all majesty	430
Above, below, where'er I gaze	487
Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God	209
A little child in bulrush ark	61
All are architects of fate...	280
All are but parts of one stupendous whole	230
All around us, fair with flowers	162
All before us lies the way	509
All-Father when man's softened heart	185
All grows, says Doubt, all falls, decays and dies	338
All is changing, yet abiding	266
All men are equal in their birth...	47
All nature is but art, unknown to thee	314
All things good for good unite	422
All things whatsoever ye would that men	286
Ancient of ages, humbly bent before thee	77
And in the long years liker must they grow	255
A new commandment I give unto you	521
A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn	305
An offering to the shrine of power	120
Another home is formed on earth	253

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Another year is swallowed by the sea ...	144
Arise my soul, nor dream the hours ...	312
Arouse thee, soul!	86
Art thou not from everlasting	147
As body when the soul has fled	446
As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean	270
As earth's pageant passes by	65
As flame ascends	83
As meadows parched, brown groves, and withering flowers	109
As ocean rolls its billows to the shore ...	142
As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie ...	272
As once upon Athenian ground	91
As pants the hart for cooling streams ...	404
As ships becalmed at eve that lay	172
A storm sped over sea and land... ..	171
As we, when ore in fire is tried	399
As when the deluge waves were gone ...	37
As the grand harmony which sense ad- mires	452
A voice by Jordan's shore	488
Awake, awake! put on strength... ..	296
A word will fill the infant heart	261
BEFORE thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth	265
Behold a sower went forth to sow	275
Behold how good and how pleasant it is	126
Behold the way to God, the Ascetic cries	412
Behold the western evening light	58
Behold thou hast instructed many	257
Behold where breathing love divine	51
Beneath this starry arch	59
Be not deceived, for whatsoever a man	470

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Be to the best thou knowest ever true ...	409
Be true to every inmost thought... ..	477
Blessed are the poor in spirit	335
Blessed be thy name for ever	8
Blessed is he that cometh	381
Blest are the departed	56
Blest are the pure in heart	321
Blest be the man who gives us peace ...	177
Blest tear of soul-felt penitence	463
Born in each heart is impulse strong ...	526
Britain's first poet... ..	123
But the Lord forgetteth not his children	385
By mutual vows united, now they stand	254
CALL them from the dead	145
Calmly, calmly, lay him down	279
Can cautious reason's dictates do no more	392
Canst thou by searching find out God? 193 &	429
Cast thy bread upon the waters	439
Cast thy burden upon the Lord... ..	458
Child of the earth, oh lift thy glance ...	534
Come, ever-smiling liberty	507
Come, kingdom of our God	475
Come let us sound her praise abroad ...	543
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	113
Comfort, O Lord, the soul of thy servant	271
Creator-Spirit, by whose light	27
Creator-Spirit, thou the first	3
DARE to be true, nothing can need a lie	456
Dark, dark, yea irrecoverably dark ...	297
Darkness shrouded Calvary	136
Dark the faith of days of yore	90
Dark were the paths which Jesus trod ...	323

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Dayspring of eternity	355
Death is the shadow of life, and as the tree	148
Defend the poor and desolate	99
Devoutly look and nought	283
Dews that nourish fairest flowers... ..	166
Diffused throughout infinitude of space...	223
Do not cheat thy heart and tell her ...	202
Do not crouch to-day and worship ...	300
Doth not wisdom cry	527
Double road is given to mortals... ..	292
Doubt sinful? One indeed I knew ...	336
Do unto another what you would he should do	489
EARTH, of man the bounteous mother ...	110
Earth, with her ten thousand flowers ...	377
Ever find I joy in reading	465
Everlasting, changing never	311
FAIR blossoms of the fruitful tree ...	515
Fair lilies of Jerusalem	138
Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground	538
Father of all, in every age	1
Father of all, to thee we pray	88
Father of our feeble race... ..	42
Father, now the day is over	363
Fast round man's mind	219
Forth went the heralds of the cross ...	417
From harmony, from heavenly harmony	450
From the eternal shadow rounding ...	397
Full of mercy, full of love	35
Full sure I am there is no joy in sin ...	189

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

GENTLY fall the dews of eve	22
Gently fall the evening shadows... ..	361
Give thanks to God, the heavenly king...	17
Give to our God immortal praise... ..	16
Glory to God in full anthems of joy ...	55
Glory to God in the highest	2
Go and watch the autumn leaves	104
God bless our native land... ..	508
God bless the little children	260
God doth not need... ..	103
God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn	516
God is a spirit	74
God is ever present, ever felt	201
God is in his holy temple... ..	539
God is love, his mercy brightens... ..	228
God is not dumb, that he should speak no more... ..	299
God moves in a mysterious way... ..	33
God of ages and of nations	178
God of the ocean, earth, and sky	5
God that made the world... ..	194
Go mark the rill, the new-born	480
Go, my child, thus saith the Highest ...	393
Go ye and learn what that saying meaneth	408
Gracious Power the world pervading ...	75
Greatest of beings, source of life	12
Great is the Lord, and marvellous	211
HAIL, universal goodness ! in full stream	232
Happy and blest are they	53
Happy is the man that findeth wisdom...	328

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Happy the man whose steadfast heart ...	493
Happy they who are not weary ...	434
Hark ! through the waking earth ...	387
Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises ...	161
Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction...	380
Heaven is silent—heaven speaks aye ...	435
He is the wisest man of men ...	168
He liveth long who liveth well ...	288
Hence superstition ! To oblivion, hence !	221
He prayeth best who loveth best ...	71
He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ...	101
He that does good ...	519
He was despised and rejected of men ...	333
He which soweth sparingly ...	274
He who walks in virtue's way ...	68
High thoughts, they come and go ...	234
His life was gentle, and the elements ...	278
Ho, every one that thirsteth ...	196
Holy, holy, holy ...	23
Holy spirit, Truth divine... ...	199
Honour to him who freely gives... ...	514
Hope, though slow she be and late ...	66
Hours there will come of soulless night...	203
How all things in a whole do weave and blend ...	290
How beauteous were the marks divine ...	49
How beautiful are the feet ...	351
How blest is he whose tranquil mind ...	239
How glad the tone when summer's sun...	372
How happy is he born and taught ...	64
How little of ourselves we know... ...	111
How precious is thy goodness, O God ...	76
How short is human life, swift gliding on	426
Hush the loud cannon's roar ...	176

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

I AM that which is, that which has been	525
I cannot always trace the way	226
I cannot find thee, still on restless pinion	549
I cannot plainly see the way	483
If I find God's truth, and follow... ..	415
If on our daily course our mind... ..	247
If man aspires to reach the mount of God	250
If with all your hearts ye truly seek me	204
I heard the bells on Christmas Day ...	382
I know not if or dark or bright	457
I may not scorn the meanest thing ...	104
I, Nature, change on change assume ...	368
Incline thine ear unto wisdom	326
In darker days and nights of storm ...	331
In each breeze that wanders free... ..	535
In God let the faithful trust	362
In holy books we read how God hath spoken	195
In peace at once will I	108
In sleep's serene oblivion laid	20
In the cross of Christ I glory	54
In the name of God advancing	282
In the plan divine... ..	112
In those days came John the Baptist ...	334
In winter's cold as in the summer's heat	378
I saw on earth another light	453
I scarce dare say I love thee, Lord ...	518
I seek after Truth... ..	277
I slept and dreamed that life was beauty	347
Is there no compass, then, by which to steer	411
I stoop into a dark tremendous sea ...	146
It fortifies my soul to know	484
I think if thou couldst know	180

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

It is not growing like a tree	500
It surely is a wasted heart	125
I will sing to the Lord	81
I will wash my hands in innocence	517
JEHOVAH God, thy gracious power	41
Jews were wrought to cruel madness	137
Joy there is, that seated deep	48
KEEP innocence	192
Know'st thou yesterday, its aim and reason...	365
LABOUR is worship, the robin is singing	313
Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom...	238
Leaf by leaf the roses fall	374
Let all creatures be prosperous	198
Let me count my treasures	400
Let our theme of praise ascending	522
Let us adore that Diviner Sun	353
Let us trust in him whose mercy	511
Let us with a gladsome mind	7
Life is onward, use it	315
Life may change, but it can fly not	119
Life of Ages, richly poured	289
Light, light in darkness	116
Like as a star	420
Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks	531
Like circles widening round	471
Like one pale, flitting, lonely gleam	431
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain	427
Live for something; be not idle...	244
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine	87

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Looking on nature, I have often felt	...	229
Lord, let the flames of holy Charity	...	97
Lord, that ordainest for mankind	...	258
Lord, thou art not alone	4
Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow	401
Lowly and solemn be	36
MAKE channels for the streams of love...		197
Make us a God, said man...	92
Man is his own star, and the soul that can		268
Man, oh not men! A chain of linked thought	183
Man's intellect can ne'er be satisfied	...	220
Man's self and his belongings	163
Mark the soft-falling snow	114
May peace on earth with knowledge spread...	284
Men are godlike in nothing so much	...	246
Men, whose boast it is that ye	386
Mighty God, the first, the last	481
Mighty God, while angels bless thee	...	24
Moons, planets, suns, that swim the sky		29
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails	131
Morning breaketh on thee	356
Mortals that would happy be	536
Music, divine, religious, o'er us roll!	...	451
My God, all nature owns thy sway	...	291
My God, I heard this day	200
My God, my father, while I stray	...	391
My nature is subdued	248
NEARER, my God, to thee	85

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Never from lips of cunning fell	179
Noble the glorious martyr, giving blood	499
Noble the mountain stream	473
Not for ever on thy knees	319
Not for false and fleeting joys	128
Nothing is proof against the high decree	157
Not in the solitude	13
No tongue shall ever tell what bliss o'er- flows	259
Not with the flashing steel	285
Now is that glorious resurrection time ...	367
Now pray we for our country	14
Now to heaven our cry ascending	413
O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother	184
O Earth, thy past is crowned and con- secrated	340
O'er silent field and lonely lawn... ..	21
O'er the dark wave of Galilee	332
O'er wayward children would'st thou hold firm rule?	262
O God, the lord of place and time	89
O God, thou art our home to whom we fly	98
O God, to thee my sinking soul... ..	482
O God, unchangeable and true	95
O God, who mad'st earth, sea, and air ...	6
O hallowed memories	115
Oh come, everyone that thirsteth	462
Oh deem not they are blest alone	213
Oh for a faith that shall not fail... ..	182
Oh give thanks unto the Lord	15
Oh happy is the man who hears... ..	325

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Oh how much more doth beauty beau- teous seem	537
Oh how wise that God hath hidden ...	389
O human heart, thou hast a song ...	44
Oh if the selfish knew how much they lost	546
Oh if thy brow, serene and calm ...	468
Oh I would sing a song of praise ...	80
Oh make our hearts, blest God, thy dwelling place	96
Oh never murmur nor repine	490
Oh praise the Lord, all ye his hosts ...	73
Oh rest in the Lord	390
Oh sometimes glimpses on my sight ...	455
Oh speak not ye of power that builds its throne	175
Oh still trust on, if in the heart... ..	330
Oh sweeter than the sweetest flower ...	206
Oh that I had wings like a dove... ..	84
Oh that the spirit of love would come ...	307
Oh there are moments which we call our own	241
Oh where shall wisdom be found ...	528
Oh who shall lightly say fair fame ...	339
Oh who shall say he knows the folds ...	306
Oh yet we trust that somehow good ...	191
O Lord of all, to thee we cry	169
O Lord thy counsels of old	454
O lovely peace with plenty crowned ...	376
O Love, thou makest all things even ...	63
O man, I've not deceived thee, wisdom cries	327
O man search out and purify thy thought	504
Once in the busy streets	117
One by one the sands are flowing ...	152

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

One feast of holy days the crest	...	492
One holy church of God appears	...	444
On parent knees, a naked newborn child		495
Open thine eyes, my soul, and see	...	394
Ope, ope, my soul ; around thee press	...	267
O pleasant life	124
O pure reformers, not in vain	341
O shadow in a sultry land	461
O source divine and life of all	208
O thou child of many prayers	263
O thou fair Truth, for thee alone we seek		337
O thou soul which art at rest	496
O thou to whom in ancient time	...	72
O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides	218
O thou who towerest above the heights of imagination	550
Our Earth has not grown aged	371
Our little systems have their day	...	151
Out of the dark the circling sphere	...	295
Out of the depths	38
PART in peace, is day before us	82
Patience, why 'tis the soul of peace	...	214
Planets, circling every one	424
Praise to thee, all-holy God	25
Praise to the heroes	121
Prayer against his absolute decree	...	405
Press on, press on, ye sons of light	...	343
Pride, howe'er disguised in its own majesty		503
Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control		317
Purer yet and purer	419
Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane	...	369

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

REJOICE in God, ye sons of man	...	165
Remember always that thou soon mayst fall	467
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky	...	383
Rise! for the day is passing	342
SAINT Augustine has truly said...	...	402
Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few	...	205
Say not the law divine	45
Scorn not the slightest word or deed	...	428
See before us in our journey	156
See the leaves around us falling	67
See the rivers flowing	547
Set free from my bonds, I have broken away	510
Shall man confine his maker's sway	...	31
Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen	301
Shine ye stars of heaven...	242
Silent, like men in solemn haste...	...	472
Sing praises unto the Lord	449
Sing to the Lord, for his mercies are sure	...	40
Sleepers wake, a voice is calling...	...	302
Slowly by God's hand unfurled	459
Small service is true service while it lasts	...	354
Smiles on past misfortune's brow	...	132
Social virtue, social worth	251
So here hath been dawning	357
Softly breaks the morning light...	...	352
Sorrow and Love go side by side	...	153
So should we live that every hour	...	498
So teach us to number our days...	...	360
Source of light and life divine	32
Sow in the morn thy seed	187

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Speak gently, it is better far	324
Speak thou thy thought	358
Spirit of truth, be thou my guide ...	158
Spring, summer, autumn, winter... ..	139
Stern daughter of the voice of God ...	345
Strong-souled reformer whose far-seeing faith	322
Supreme and universal light	505
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright ...	140
Sweet is the pleasure	287
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies ...	143
Sweet morn, from countless cups of gold	359
TEACH me, my God and King	304
Tell me not in mournful numbers ...	60
Thanks, ever thanks, for all this common life	249
The babe by its mother	264
The bird let loose in eastern skies ...	403
The bird that soars on highest wing ...	167
The bud will soon become a flower ...	273
The cloud capt towers	149
The earth is thine, and it thou keepest ...	106
The expression of truth is simplicity ...	466
The eyes close, and the inward kingdom	432
The fair varieties of earth	129
The fairest action of our human life ...	186
The flowers live by the tears that fall ...	293
The future hides in it	155
The glories of our mortal state	'69
The God of faith is the sublime I AM ...	486
The harvest days are come again ...	375
The heart it hath its own estate... ..	501
The heaven of heavens cannot contain ...	30

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

The heavens are telling the glory of God	373
The hill though high I covet to ascend ...	523
The kings of old have shrine and tomb...	122
The light pours down from heaven ...	224
The little fountain flows	105
The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet ...	236
The Lord is on his holy throne	26
The Lord is my shepherd	107
The mourners came at break of day ...	52
The nations all whom thou hast made ...	79
Then round about the starry throne ...	28
The place of worship is not bound ...	445
The presence of perpetual change ...	133
The present, future, past	310
The price of a virtuous woman	256
The primal duties shine aloft like stars...	474
The quality of mercy is not strained ...	164
There are lonely hearts to cherish ...	320
There are three lessons I would write ...	349
There is a book who runs may read ...	436
There is a glorious liberty, unsung ...	388
There is a song now singing	170
There is in every human heart	464
There is no death for that which dwells apart,	240
There is no great and no small	502
There's a strife we all must wage ...	469
There's life abroad! From each green tree	11
There's not a bird with lonely nest ...	512
There's nothing bright above, below ...	437
The sage his cup of hemlock quaffed ...	62
These are thy glorious works, parent of good	370
The spacious firmament on high ...	9

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

The tide of time flows sparkling	...	135
The tongue of the just is as choice silver		476
The triumphs that on vice attend	...	174
The truths thy sires to thee have handed down	442
The uplifted eye, the bended knee	...	216
The way to virtue's long, but pluck up heart	416
The wintry winds have ceased to blow	...	141
The world may change from old to new		127
They call the world a dreary place	...	303
They sin who tell us love can die	...	130
Think gently of the erring one	520
Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that		497
Think truly, and thy thoughts	479
This is he men miscall Fate	423
This our life, exempt from public haunt		448
This world is not a fleeting show	...	414
Thou art, O God, the life and light	...	210
Thou art the source and centre of all minds	231
Though I speak with the tongues of men		548
Though lowly here our lot may be	...	491
Though wandering in a stranger land	...	102
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	...	485
Thou knowest not what argument	...	494
Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed	...	276
Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height	541
Thou power and peace, in thee we find	...	350
Thou pure and perfect God!	513
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God	...	506
Thou unrelenting past	524
Thou who upon the eternal throne	...	18

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Thou whose benignant eye	34
Thy happy ones a strain begin	447
Time's gradual touch	407
Time was, is past ; thou canst not it recall			316
'Tis winter now, the fallen snow...	...		379
To all it is not granted to live long	...		344
To God on high be thanks and praise	...		19
To light that shines in stars and souls	...		440
To our high-raised phantasy present	...		150
To thee, the Lord Almighty	78
To the first principle	441
To thine own self be true	418
To weary hearts, to mourning homes	...		212
Trusting in God's great love we tread	...		542
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear	252
Truth is great, and must prevail...	...		160
UP, sad heart, a friend is near thee !	...		154
VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen	294
Virtue to know is not alone enough	...		233
WE all are thine, we owe to thee...	...		227
We all must work with head or hand	...		281
We feel that we and all men move	...		438
We hear thee, O thou heavenly friend	...		181
Welcome the hour of sweet repose	...		364
We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths	421
We look into the heart of flowers	...		460
We love the venerable house	443
We mourn for those who toil	396

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

We never, never will bow down ...	478
We scatter seeds with careless hand ...	188
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours	159
We think and feel—but will the dead ...	57
We toil as in a field	533
We trust the living word... ..	100
What conscience dictates to be done ...	46
What is religion? 'Tis man seeking God	410
What man can name Him	298
What of the night? Watchman, what of the night	346
What shall it profit a man	190
What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod	70
What though no stone the record bears...	308
What though the radiance of our child- hood bright	398
What was prayer? A slave's entreaty...	406
Whence and whither, wanderer, say ...	235
Whene'er we think of friends we've loved and lost	237
When I have passed a nobler life in sorrow	532
When Israel of the Lord beloved ...	39
When joy no longer soothes and cheers...	348
When mild winds shake the elder brake...	118
When shall I praise thee, O Father? ...	529
When sorrow sleepeth wake it not ...	329
When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil	366
When the ear heard him	50
When, though no loving accents fall ...	309
When thou dost purpose aught within thy power	425

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

When up to nightly skies we gaze ...	222
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean	530
When winter-fortunes cloud the brows ...	384
Where ancient forests widely spread ...	215
Where are the swallows fled? ...	269
Whether men reap or sow the fields ...	93
While I do rest, my soul, advance ...	94
Who can be happy and alone, or good?... ..	545
Who is the angel that cometh? ...	225
Who is thy neighbour? He whom thou	544
Why should dreams so dark and dreary	43
Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing ...	395
With admiration, love, and awe we gaze...	207
Without haste and without rest ...	433
Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous	10
Work! it is thy highest mission... ..	245
Would we aught behold of higher worth?	217
Ye joyous ones, upon whose brow ...	540
Ye moments of eternal time	173
Yon bubbling fountain so obscure ...	318
Your fears and doubts forbear	243

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

*A few necessary alterations have been made in some of the
preceding Hymns and Anthems.*

ADAMS, Sarah Flower (1805-1848)	... 3, 22, 40, 44, 52, 63, 80, 82, 85, 101, 115, 134, 136.
Addison, Joseph (1672-1719)	... 9.
Akenside, Mark (1721-1770)	... 83.
Alford, Henry (1810-1870)	... 457, 477.
Allingham, William (b. 1828)	... 189, 371.
Aurelias, Antoninus Marcus (161-180)...	277.
Austin, John (1668)	... 394
Anonymous	... 14, 19 116, 157, 162, 182, 185, 209, 224, 226, 239, 244, 250, 267, 282, 312, 315, 316, 320, 329, 330, 346, 349, 363, 376, 377, 387, 401, 410, 414, 419, 433, 447, 461, 468, 471, 478, 507, 514, 518, 522, 538, 539.
BIBLE	... 2, 15, 17, 23, 38, 50, 53, 56, 73, 74, 76, 81, 84, 107, 126, 147, 190, 192, 193, 194, 196, 204, 211, 236, 256, 257, 271, 274, 275, 286, 296, 326, 328, 333, 334, 335, 351, 360, 373, 381, 385, 390, 408, 429, 430, 439, 449, 454, 458, 462, 470, 476, 506, 517, 521, 527, 528, 531, 548.
Bacon, Francis, Lord Verulam (1561-1626)	98.
Bailey, Philip James (b. 1816)	... 421.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Baillie, Joanna (1762-1851)6, 339.
Barbault, Anna Letitia (1743-1825)48, 51.
	91, 113, 143, 205.	
Barton, Bernard (1784-1849)	...45, 166, 473.	
Beaumont, Joseph (1615-1699)65, 66.
Beaumont and Fletcher (1600) 268.
Boethius (470-524) 218.
Bonar, Horatius (1849)288, 472, 479.
Bowring, Sir John (1792-1872)37, 43,
	54, 68, 77, 228, 364, 389, 464, 542.	
Breviary, The	...	89, 95, 350.
Brooke, Fulk Greville, Lord (1554-1628)		452.
Brontë, Anne (1820-1849) 158.
Browne, Sir Thomas (1605-1682)... 94.
Browning, Robert (b. 1812) 146.
Bryant, William Cullen (b. 1797)...		13, 156
	213, 258, 524	
Buddha (d. 543 B.C.) 198.
Bulfinch, Stephen Greenleaf (b. 1809)4, 469.
Bunyan, John (1628-1688)... 523
Burrington, Frederick	...	173, 445.
Burns, Robert (1759-1796) 490.
Byron, Lord (1788-1824) 31, 497, 545.
CALL, W. M. W.	...	240, 338, 422, 532.
Campbell, Thomas (1777-1844) 70.
Carew, Lady Elizabeth (1613)	...	186, 305.
Carey, Alice (b. 1820) 483.
Carlyle, Thomas (b. 1795)	102, 155, 357, 365.	
Chaucer (1328-1400) 123.
Chignell, T. W.	...	356, 434.
Chinese temples, Inscription on 441.
Cicero, Marcus Tullius (106-43 B.C.) 246.
Clough, Arthur Hugh (1819-1861)	172, 369, 484.	

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Cobbe, Frances Power	516.
Coleridge, Hartley (1796-1849)	...		195,	431.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834)	...	71,	90,	217, 262.
Confucius (550-477 (?) B.C.)	...		233,	416.
		435,	467,	489, 504.
Conway, Moncure Daniel (b. 1832)	...		171.	
Cook, Eliza (b. 1817)	303.
Coxe, A. C....	49.
Cowper, William (1731-1800)	...		33, 223,	
		231,	388,	392.
Crabbe, George (1754-1832)	...		141,	337.
DANTE Allighieri (1265-1321)	220.	
Davis, E.	285.
Dekker, Thomas, (1600)	214.
Doddridge, Philip (1702-1751)	114.	
Dorgan	175.
Drennan, Dr. William	30,	206.
Drummond, William (1585-1649)	...		446.	
Drummond, William Hamilton (1810)	...		543.	
Dryden, John (1631-1700)	...		27,	450.
Dschami (15th century)	513.
Dwight, John Sullivan	287.
Dyer, George (1755-1841)...	12.
ELLIS, Alexander J. (b. 1814)		160,	165,	169,
		235,	251,	253, 266, 302, 393, 406, 412, 424.
Elliott, Charlotte	391.
Elliott, Ebenezer (1781-1849)	57,	139,	144,	310.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo (b. 1803)		179,	264,	
		301,	423,	443, 494, 502, 509.
FENELON, François de Salignac de Lamotte (1651-1715)	87

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Fletcher, Miss	520.
Fox, William Johnson (1786-1864)	61, 62, 75,			
	92, 100, 112, 117, 121, 128, 129, 135, 137, 145.			
Fuller, Sarah Margaret (1810-1850)	...			409.
Furness, William H. (b. 1802)		459.
GASKELL, William, 279, 323, 343, 417, 481, 491, 510.				
Gaskill	78.
Gill, T. H.	311.
Goethe (1749-1832)	21, 88,
	155, 290, 298, 368, 420, 442, 493, 526.			
Goetz, Johann N. (1721-1781)		105.
Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774)		174.
Gray, Thomas (1716-1771)		132.
Gregory I, Pope (542-604)		32.
Guyon, Madam (1648-1717)	...			153, 223.
HABINGTON, William (1605-1654)	...			399.
Hallam, Arthur H. (1811-1833)		297.
Hangford, G. W.	324.
Harris	340.
Hawkesworth, Dr. John (1715-1753)	...			20.
Heber, Reginald (1783-1826)		366.
Hemans, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea (1793-1835)	36,			
	122, 308, 534.			
Hensel, Luise	465.
Herbert, George (1593-1633)		140,
	200, 304, 425, 456.			
Hermes Trismegistus, (mythical)...	...			529.
Herrick, Robert (1591-1674)		515.
Hickson, William E. (1803-1869)	284, 413, 508,			
Hincks, Thomas	428.
Hogg, James (1770-1835)...		8.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Hooper, Ellen	347.
Hopps, John Page (b. 1834)	260.
Horne, George (1730-1792)	67.
Houghton, R. Monckton Milnes, Lord (b. 1809)	281, 498.
Howe, C. E.	374.
Howitt, Mary (b. 1802)	106.
Hugo, Victor (b. 1802)	327.
ISIS, Inscription on the statue of	525.
JOHNSON, Samuel, LL.D. (1709-1784)	218.
Johnson, Samuel (American)	289,	322,	440,	488.	
Johns, J.	25,	176, 475.
Jones, Sir William (1746-1794)	109,	265,	495.		
Jonson, Ben (1574-1637)	500.
Jung-Stilling	18.
KASSIM-OL-ENWAR (d. 1291)	154.
Keble, John (1792-1866)	188,	247,	321,	436,	480.
Knox, Thomas	318.
LANDON, Letitia E. (1802-1838)	125,	133,	261.		
Lee, Nathaniel (d. 1692)	358.
Leon, Luis de	124.
Logan, John (1748-1788)	325.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (b. 1807)	10,				
	60,	159,	263,	280,	382, 402.
Longfellow, Samuel	178,	199,	295,	379,	444.
Lowell, James Russell (b. 1819)	299,	386,	492.		
Lynch, Thomas T.	533.
MAHOMET (572-632)	362,	496.
Mallet (1700-1765)...	380.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Martineau, Harriet (b. 1802-1876)	...47, 59.
Milton, John (1608-1674) ...	7, 28, 79, 99, 103, 108, 112 (part), 150, 232, 370, 405, 536.
Montgomery, James (1803-1853)...	167, 187.
Moon, George Washington	... 319.
Moore, Henry (1806)	... 505.
Moore, Henry Keatley (b. 1846) ...	207, 219, 233, 254, 344, 407, 416, 435, 451, 467, 499, 504.
Moore, Thomas (1779-1852)	... 210, 270, 348, 403, 437, 463.
Morpeth, Lord (afterwards Earl of Carlisle) (1802-1865)	III.
NEWMAN, John Henry (b. 1801)...	238, 317.
Nicoll, Robert (1814-1837)	86, 104, 120, 234.
Noel, Baptist, W. (1799-1872)	... 512.
Norrington, Henry...	... 378.
Norton, Andrews (1786-1853)	... 215.
Noyes, Herbert	... 227.
OSGOOD, Mrs. (1812-1850)	... 313.
Ossian (circa 300 :—tr. Macpherson 1762)	142.
PARKER, Theodore (1810-1860) 331.
Peabody, William O. B. (1840) ...	58, 544.
Pierpont (1785-1866)	... 72.
Pollok, Robert (1799-1827)	... 259.
Pope, Alexander (1688-1744)	1, 46, 230, 314.
Procter, Adelaide Anne (1825-1864)	... 152, 180, 202, 225, 242, 269, 300, 342, 400, 547.
QUARLES, John (1654)	... 384.
RACINE (1691)	... 243.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Richardson, J.	372.
Robinson, Robert (1735-1790)	24.
Rogers, Samuel (1763-1855)	221,	241,	426,	546.	
Roscoe, Jane (Mrs. F. Hornblower)	306.
Rosenroth, Von	355.
Rückert (1789-1860)	283,	519.
Russell, William (1741-1793)	332.
SAADI (1184-1291)	550.
Schiller (1759-1805)	127,	292.
Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832)	39.
Scott, Thomas (d. 1775)	216.
Scudder, Eliza	276,	549.
Sen, Keshub Chunder	...	432,	485,	511.	
Seneca, Lucius Annæus (B.C. 5-A.D. 65)	344,	466.			
Shakspeare, William (1564-1616)	149,		
	163,	164,	248,	278,	418,
	448,	537.			
Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822)	118,	119,	183.		
Shirley, James (1594-1666)	69.		
Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia H. (1791-1865)	26,	396.			
Smedley, Menella Bute (1869)	460.		
Smith, Horace (1779-1849)	411.		
Socrates (469-399 B.C.)	168.		
Southey, Robert (1774-1843)	130.		
Spitta	170.		
Stephen	415.		
Sterling, John (1806-1844)	110,	208,	222,	359,	541.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher (b. 1812)	...	367,	530.		
Strickland, Agnes (b. 1805)	138.		
Sutton, Henry Septimus (1847)	...	293,	309.		
Swain, Charles (b. 1802-1874)	501.		
TATE, Nahum, and Nicholas Brady (1700)	404.		
Taylor, Emily (1860)	11,	34.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Taylor, Jeremy (1613-1667)	...	35, 96, 97.
Taylor, John (1694-1761)	...	42, 427.
Taylor, William (1765-1836)	...	29.
Tennyson, Alfred (b. 1809)	...	148,
	151, 181, 191, 255,	336, 383.
Tennyson, Frederick (b. 1804)	...	375.
Tersteegen, Gerhardt (1731)	...	485.
Thomson, James (1700-1748)	...	177, 201.
Thomson, Dr. John	...	41.
Tozer, E.	...	352, 361.
Trench, Richard Chenevix (b. 1807)	...	197, 438.
VEDAS (Sanskrit), (1500 B.C.)	...	353.
Very, Jones (b. 1813)	...	273, 453.
WARE, H.	...	55.
Waterston, Mrs. R. C. Q. (1863)	...	535, 540.
Watts, Isaac, LL.D. (1674-1748)	...	16.
Wesley, Charles (1709-1762)	...	307.
Wesley, John (1703-1791)	...	485.
White, Frederick M.	203, 245, 249, 292.	
Whittier, John Greenleaf (b. 1808)	161, 184,	
	212, 272, 341, 397, 455.	
Williams, Miss H. M. (1762-1827)	...	291.
Winslow, Harriet	...	395.
Winkworth, Catherine (1855)	...	355, 465.
Wordsworth, William (1770-1850)	93, 131,	
	229, 237, 252, 345, 354, 398, 474, 503.	
Wotton, Sir Henry (1568-1639)	...	64.
Wreford, John Reynell	...	5.
Wyatt, Sir Thomas (1503-1542)	...	294.
YATES, Richard Vaughan	...	482.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Autumn	67, 375.
Beatitudes, the	198, 321, 335.
Brotherhood and Social Virtue	42, 44, 47, 99, 126,				
	163, 176, 183, 184, 185, 224, 246, 251, 285,				
	319, 320, 387, 426, 475, 492, 494, 544, 545.				
Change and Permanence	69,
	133, 134, 135, 138, 139, 140, 142, 157, 172,				
	175, 240, 269, 384, 407, 427, 484, 515, 538.				
Charity, benevolent	51,
	206, 274, 439, 474, 518, 519, 543, 546, 547.				
Charity, to Opinions and Errors	306, 468, 520.				
Children	260, 261, 263, 264, 540.		
Christ, the Cross, &c.	49,
	54, 322, 323, 332, 333, 417, 465.				
Christ and John Baptist, 488 ; and Mary, 137 ;					
and Moses, 61 ; and Socrates	...				62.
Christmas	382.
Church, the...	70,
	72, 102, 194, 215, 440, 443, 444, 445, 539.				
Close of Life	239.
Close of Worship	82.
Conscience, and Inner Sense	46, 190, 217, 453.				
Country, prayer for...	14, 508
Dawn	295, 352, 355, 357.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- Death and Immortality, the Departed ... 52,
53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 95, 136, 143, 147, 148,
149, 156, 237, 241, 396, 397, 496.
- Doubt and Questioning ... 161, 220, 336, 338.
- Duty ... 162, 345, 347, 392, 393, 420, 542.
- Evening ... 21, 22, 32, 361, 363, 364.
- Faith ... 151, 446, 486.
- Faith, Hope and Charity ... 284, 349, 548.
- Future, the ... 155, 389, 509.
- Gentleness ... 324, 476.
- God, ever present, eternal ... 29,
41, 201, 231, 310, 430, 437, 481, 502, 549.
- God incomprehensible ... 91, 181,
193, 223, 235, 266, 297, 298, 429, 525, 529.
- God in everyday Life ... 13, 304, 423.
- God in Nature ... 5, 6, 10, 12, 106,
210, 229, 291, 370, 373, 436, 441, 487, 535.
- God in the Heart 30, 45, 92, 96, 200, 209, 307.
- God in the Universe 4, 9, 222, 230, 432, 541.
- God is Love ... 226, 227, 228, 377, 438.
- God's Love 109, 154, 208, 331, 378, 385, 512.
- Golden Rule, the ... 286, 489, 506.
- Good in Evil; Harmony in Discord ... 112,
171, 174, 294, 380, 400, 422, 516, 533.
- Good Man, the ... 50, 68, 205, 257, 278,
279, 283, 305, 414, 434, 495, 498, 505, 514.
- Harmony and Variety of Universe 132, 290, 314.
- Happiness and Contentment 64, 65, 125, 281.
- Hope ... 66, 127.
- Humility and Modesty 105, 166, 167, 168, 354, 473.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Inspiration and Revelation	...	131, 178, 179, 195, 196, 234, 289, 299, 431.
Joy...	...	48, 447.
Labour	...	245, 313.
Liberty	...	119, 272, 386, 388, 507, 510.
Life, Work and Conflict of	60, 128, 152, 192, 244, 247, 248, 268, 280, 288, 312, 315, 343, 344, 358, 395, 398, 402, 421, 428, 433, 435, 467, 469, 500.	
Love	...	63, 97, 129, 130, 170, 197, 292, 521.
Man, dignity of	...	207, 303, 490.
Marriage	...	253, 254, 255.
Martyrs and Heroes	120, 121, 122, 308, 340.	
Mercy and Forgiveness	...	164, 186.
Morning	...	356, 359, 394.
Mother, the	...	256, 258, 259.
Music	...	150, 450, 451, 452.
Nature	...	11, 93, 110, 114, 366, 368, 448.
New year	...	144, 383.
Night	...	459.
Past, the	...	115, 145, 339, 524.
Patience and Self-control...	...	159, 212, 214, 262, 309, 317, 399, 425.
Peace and Goodwill	...	2, 177, 351, 376, 471.
Penitence	...	334, 463.
Praise, Thanksgiving, and Adoration	...	1. 7, 8, 15, 16, 17, 19, 23, 24, 25, 40, 73, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 98, 165, 169, 211, 218, 232, 249, 350, 353, 449, 454, 513, 517, 550.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- Prayer and Aspiration ... 3, 18, 20, 26, 27, 28,
 31, 34, 35, 36, 38, 71, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88,
 89, 182, 199, 236, 238, 267, 270, 271, 404,
 405, 406, 408, 419, 461, 462, 485, 526, 531.
 Present, the 173, 273, 300, 301, 316, 342, 365, 442.
 Pride 104, 503.
 Progress 59, 90, 116, 311, 341, 413, 424, 455, 522.

 Rest, and Sleep ... 94, 108, 124, 287, 530.
 Riches, true; and Honour ... 499, 501.

 Sorrow; its Trials and Blessings... 37, 111,
 153, 202, 213, 293, 329, 348, 374, 482.
 Sowing and Reaping 187, 188,
 272, 274, 275, 282, 330, 464, 470.
 Spring 118, 141, 367, 369, 371.
 Summer 372.
 Superstition 219, 221.

 Time, the judge 242, 532.
 Trust and Submission 33, 39, 43, 100, 101, 107,
 146, 180, 191, 203, 225, 243, 296, 362, 381,
 390, 391, 401, 457, 458, 460, 483, 511, 534.
 Truth 158, 252,
 265, 276, 277, 318, 337, 456, 466, 480, 537.
 Truth to the Best 123, 160, 302,
 346, 409, 415, 418, 477, 478, 479, 491, 504.

 Vice; its true aspect 189, 463, 497.
 Virtue 113, 233, 416, 533.

 Way to God, the, 204, 250, 403, 410, 412, 472, 52.
 Winter 379.
 Wisdom ... 117, 325, 326, 327, 328, 527, 528.
 Worship, true 74, 75, 103, 216, 411.

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